MAY 10, 1941

Liberty 5¢

THE U-BOAT MENACE by WINSTON CHURCHILL

What a Young Wife's Love Means to an Old Man, by Maurice Maeterlinck

"Old Faithful's" just like One of the Family!

1 **WHEN YOUR CAR WAS NEW**, she "stole" each snapshot. You were just scenery. It *excited* you merely to look at her.

2 **EVEN WHEN SHE SETTLED DOWN** as one of the family, affection for her grew. To load up with bags, hampers, kids, and explore distant hills—that was adventure! As time went on, you found it paid to keep "Old Faithful" perked-up with fresh Mobiloil regularly...and *limbered-up* with Mobilubrication. "Old Faithful"—still hale and hearty—there's lots of mileage in the old girl yet!

3 **SURE, SHE'S BEEN A GOOD CAR**—for you've been good to her. And she still gets pepped-up by a Fresh Start.

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES

4 **HERE'S THE FRESH START** your car needs: for the ENGINE—improved Mobiloil that *cleans as it lubricates*. Then the RADIATOR flushed and conditioned. Next, the CHASSIS protected with Mobilubrication; and the GEAR OIL checked. Finally, your PLUGS, BATTERY, and TIRES—all expertly checked and serviced.

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5 **HERE'S HOW YOU'LL ENJOY IT:** You know you're *taking care* of your car—preventing costly wear...repair bills. Your car *rides* better. And it's more fun to drive!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of Calif.

"Cut him loose and let him go"

An Advertisement to Men

No matter what other good points he may have, a man who is guilty of halitosis (bad breath) is likely to be dropped in a hurry by fastidious women—and deservedly.

After all, halitosis is the unpardonable offense that may nip many a friendship or romance in the bud . . . close many a door to him . . . stamp him as an objectionable or careless person.

Anyone can have a bad breath at some time or other. Unfortunately, you yourself may not know when you are thus afflicted . . . but others do. Therefore, don't fail to be on guard against this condition which, although sometimes systemic, is primarily caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gum surfaces.

A wise precaution, simple, easy and wholly delightful is Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse. Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you . . . if you want to put your best foot forward socially and in business, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and be sure to use it between times before business and social engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

National Spark Plug Change Week May 5 to 11

National Spark Plug Change Week now serves as an annual reminder to hundreds of thousands of motorists that changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles actually saves them money, and at the same time revitalizes the performance of their engines.

Champion Spark Plug dealers offer special spark plug service during "Change Week" which includes testing, cleaning and adjusting — services which enable you personally to see whether new spark plugs are necessary.

No other spark plugs have the patented Sillment seal which keeps Champions free from troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs*. This exclusive feature alone makes Champions your logical choice if you want the performance your high-compression engine and today's modern anti-knock fuels are capable of.

There is a Champion dealer near you who displays the familiar Champion "bow-tie" sign which is the sign of dependable service. Have him revitalize your engine today!

The Sign of Dependable Service

You're always ahead with Champion! SPARK PLUGS

4

VOX POP

THE ATTITUDE OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have just read Fulton Oursler's interview with the Duke of Windsor (March 22 Liberty), and while I am certainly for giving all possible aid to Britain, the attitude of the Duke of Windsor disgusts me. Until now I have had a lot of admiration for this Great Lover, but after reading his statement in answer to the query, "Will the loans to Britain ever be repaid?" I think perhaps brother King George is, after all, the better man.

The Duke compares the loans to aiding a friend who wants to borrow money—he is out of a job, his wife needs an operation, and the pocketbook is empty. This could hardly be called a parallel case, since it should also be said that this friend, while he is at present out of cash, nevertheless has quite an amount of real estate and jewelry (England's scattered possessions).

Also, to use this parallel, while the wife is in the hospital the friend sends her flowers and gifts, and clothing to some of the children, and does what he can to ease the suffering. (This would be the private contributions of the American people, and even a child would refuse payment for these things.) In such a case it would certainly be a one-sided friendship if the man, after asking for the loan, did not make an effort to reimburse his friend because to do so he would probably have to part with some of his valuables. Would such a man be worth having as a friend?

Let us hope that the Duke does not speak for all England in this respect. Perhaps if he tried living where the bombs are being dropped he would be a little more appreciative of friendship when it is offered.—*S. W. Lyon.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Even as I write these lines I know that many other readers are probably doing the same thing on the same subject—Fulton Oursler's interview with the Duke of Windsor. And I'm willing to bet my shirt that nine out of ten will be kicks on what

(Continued on page 6)

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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TO HALT SKIDS—There's 19 FEET OF GRIP in every foot of this tread!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

This first-line "G-3" ALL WEATHER averages 20% longer tread wear than other popular first-line tires tested—yet costs you less per mile than ever before.

IF you want more miles for your money, your next tire will be this new 1941 edition of Goodyear's famed first-line "G-3" All Weather.

Despite booming material prices, it costs no more than last year—and it's a tougher, sturdier, safer tire in every way.

Proof? When run alongside other popular first-line tires, *this new "G-3" averages more than 20% longer tread wear than any tire tested.*

Plus a 19-to-1 "edge" in safety

How much safer this "G-3" tread is, you can see by the way its sharp-edged blocks FACE at all angles—to brace against skids and side-slip.

These non-skid edges add up to *nineteen feet* of grip in every foot of rubber that whirls against the road. That's a 19-to-1 safety factor against skidding and slipping in any direction—to bring you to quick, sure, straight-line stops in ticklish going.

A new low in mileage cost

At its present low price this new "G-3" All Weather gives you the lowest-cost mileage you've ever known. Its far longer, safer wear will prove *"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

P.S. New Tubes save tires

WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL WEATHER TREAD—safest for more than quarter of a century.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—from tougher thick flat tread.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—from deep non-skid grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES—heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding sideways.

FORTIFIED TREAD—new improved rubber compound.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—from higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—prismed sidewalls, decorative ribs.

All Weather, Supertwist —T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

A dinner favorite in the hospitable home

of Mrs. ED THORGERSEN

wife of the ace sports commentator

Among an admiring circle of friends, Mrs. Thorgersen is noted for discovering new ideas in good food. So it's not surprising that she has adopted the fast-growing custom of serving Swift's Premium Frankfurts frequently for dinner. For a delicious (and easy!) summer meal Mrs. Thorgersen suggests: Swift's Premium Frankfurts, Paprika-Buttered Wax Beans and Celery, Creamed Potatoes and a Fruit Salad. (Simmer Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender* FRANKFURTS

IN THE NEW LARGER *"dinner" size*

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of choice beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes...Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

Edward said about the international debts and "What are you going to do with your gold?"

But these *material* things were subsidiary to me. What I felt in the talk between the two men was the *spiritual* side—the coming reconstruction of the world after the war on the planes of equality and a peace that passeth all understanding at the present moment.

The Duke of Windsor's candor and vision are rare and inspiring.—*James J. Parton.*

PARKING HIS ELEPHANT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I'm going to India, where I can park my elephant instead of a car, and not worry. If an Indian policeman gives me a traffic ticket, I'll just tell him, "I had him parked right, but he moved!"—*Jack Star.*

TEETH OR CROWNED HEADS?

HOOSICK, N. Y.—It is estimated there are six million Americans over sixty years of age without proper teeth to masticate their food. If these conditions exist in free America and we are giving away six or seven billions to save the crowned heads of Europe, isn't there something wrong in these United States?—*J. E. White.*

SCANDAL IN ISRAEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It isn't often I let my vox do any popping, but when I tackle one of Lee Pasquin's crossword easy ones, and find he has been trying to start a scandal by having Esau the son of his brother Jacob who gypped him by wearing fur mittens, I must speak up. The urge to pop gets into my vox and pop she goes. Esau and Jacob were brothers; and to have him not only the son of his brother, but to have Rebekah as her own son's wife—nixie! I refer to "57 down" in the puzzle in March 29 Liberty. Lee ought to stop only at hotels that have Gideon Bibles in the upper left-hand drawer of the dresser.—*Strickland Gillilan.*

[I *did* pull out the left-hand drawer in the dresser, but *then* I pulled out the right-hand one—and see what happened!—LEE PASQUIN.]

"PALMING" YOUR UMBRELLA

FALLS CHURCH, VA.—I think I know why the "collapsible" umbrella hasn't found any backer (March 22 Vox Pop). You pay extra for it, and also have to have a special pocket for it in your raincoat.

Now, nearly every "man's umbrella"

has a curved handle and *every* raincoat has sleeves. Try carrying a reasonably close-rolled umbrella and hook the U handle in the armhole of your raincoat, inside. Do you need any better means for "palming" your umbrella or for freeing both hands till you need it? That, too, surprises many people as much as the rabbit trick.—*W. D. Groesbeck.*

YOU WIN!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Regarding the longest street in the world, you are all wrong. Lake Street in Minneapolis is by far the longest. It goes from Sunrise to Sunset. Beat that if you can!—*E. B. Nelson.*

UNCONSCIOUS WITH ONE KICK!

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—As a frequenter of wrestling matches, I was amused at author Achmed Abdullah's description of a wrestling match in The Open Road No Longer (March 22 Liberty). In it he has a slightly built man, coached by an old hag, kick a huge wrestling champion unconscious with *one* kick.

Now, a match like that might amuse the American wrestling fan who is used to the tumbling acts staged here, but

it weakens the story when written as staged in Afghanistan.

Did Achmed coast just a little on this one?—*Ted Hall.*

[There are evidences that the Neanderthal man used this trick. Achmed contends that in true Oriental fashion it was passed down from generation to generation and eventually found its way into the ring with our grunt and groaners. Probably imported by Mahmout, the Terrible Turk.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

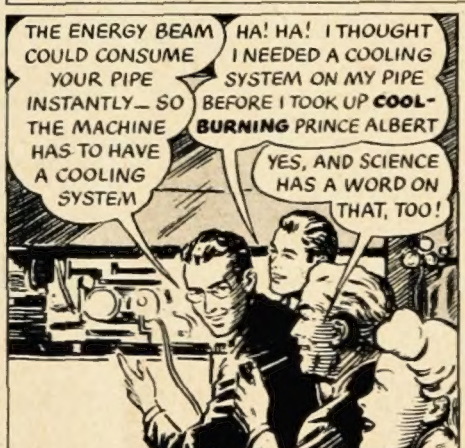
BELCHING IN CHINA

CHICAGO, ILL.—May I contradict the answer given to Question 3 of Good Manners Quiz by Elsa Maxwell? (February 22 Liberty.)

While I do not claim to be an Emily Post on good manners, I do know a thing or two of the Chinese conception of good manners by virtue of my birth from a family of several generations of Confucian scholars and my education in one of the best institutions in China. That China is the country where it is considered "ill bred not to belch loudly after dinner in some one else's house" is simply ridiculous and fantastic. There is not a modicum of truth in this statement.

Never, *never* is it thought that those who do not belch after dinner are considered ill bred!—*Daniel J. Lee.*

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
Smashing the Invisible!
YOU'RE LOOKING AT A MODERN MIRACLE—THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CYCLOTRON OR ATOM-SMASHER. IT WEIGHS 220 TONS
WHAT'S THE USE OF SMASHING AN ATOM, JUDGE?
HEY! PASS BACK THAT PRINCE ALBERT!
THEY SMASH THE ATOM TO GET AT ITS 'CORE.' YOU SEE, EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS MADE OF TINY, INVISIBLE ATOMS WITH 'CORES' THAT STORE ENORMOUS POWER
I'VE HEARD THERE ARE BILLIONS OF ATOMS EVEN IN A PIN-HEAD
PARTICLES WHIRLED BY POWERFUL ELECTRIC FORCES
TARGET
RAY
HOW THE GREAT ATOM-GUN WORKS!
HEAVILY CHARGED PARTICLES "SHOOT OUT" AT 18,000 MILES A SECOND—35,000 TIMES FASTER THAN A RIFLE BULLET—IN A MYSTERIOUS BEAM THAT SMASHES AGAINST ATOMS IN A TARGET. THE IMPACT RELEASES ASTOUNDING ENERGY FROM THE ATOMS' "CORES"—FOR EXAMPLE, 50 MILLION TIMES MORE POWER THAN FROM THE BURNING OF AN ATOM OF CARBON IN COAL. SCIENCE AIMS TO HARNESS THIS POWER


THE ENERGY BEAM COULD CONSUME YOUR PIPE INSTANTLY—SO THE MACHINE HAS TO HAVE A COOLING SYSTEM
HA! HA! I THOUGHT I NEEDED A COOLING SYSTEM ON MY PIPE BEFORE I TOOK UP COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT
YES, AND SCIENCE HAS A WORD ON THAT, TOO!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

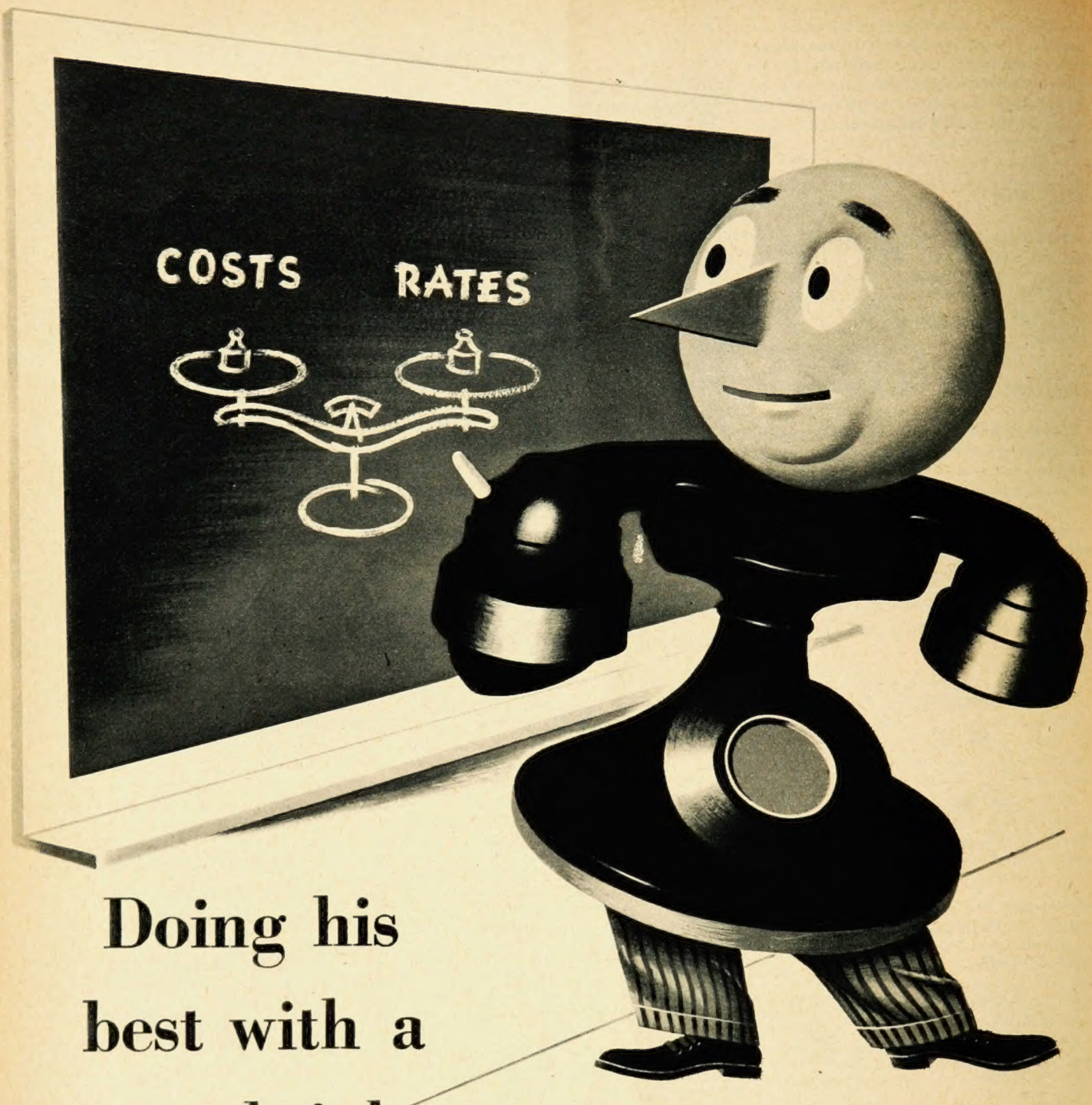
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

PRINCE ALBERT HAS BROUGHT MODERN PROGRESS CLOSE TO THE LIFE OF EVERY PIPE-SMOKER. P.A.'S MILDNESS, MELLOWNESS, AND GOOD TASTE ARE NOW WITHIN EVERY SMOKER'S REACH
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS REGARD P.A. THAT WAY, TOO—PRINCE ALBERT SPINS SO FAST, SO EASY, SO SMOOTH, AND FIRM! NO, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR REAL SMOKING JOY!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Doing his best with a tough job

The hardest job of the Bell System is to give you more and better telephone service and yet keep rates low. It isn't easy to keep those two things in balance. Increasing costs and taxes make it difficult.

But there is no end to trying. There is never any letting up in the search for a better, more economical way. All along the line, the Bell System believes in economy in business housekeeping. That is part of its obligation to the public.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "The Telephone Hour" every Monday. (N. B. C. Red Network, 8 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

MAY 10, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 19

LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

WITH the retirement of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden from Liberty and the other magazines formerly under his control, certain questions seem to have arisen in the public mind.

Who compose the new management? Is there to be a change in editorial policy? What will the new Liberty be like?

It is the purpose of this editorial to answer those questions.

So far as the management is concerned, there is nothing new about it. Mr. O. J. Elder, who succeeded Mr. Macfadden as publisher of Liberty and president of all our magazines, has been continuously associated with the Macfadden publications for more than thirty-seven years. Mr. Harold Wise, vice-president and advertising director, has been with this company for more than twenty-one years; so has the new treasurer, Mr. Charles H. Shattuck. As for myself, while I have just been elected vice-president and editorial director in the group of new officers, I have been in editorial charge of the Macfadden magazines for more than twenty-one years.

So there is nothing new about the management. What has happened is that a group of employees of long standing have acquired control from Mr. Macfadden, who was glad to have them carry on.

As for editorial policies, there could not possibly be any change in the basic philosophy by which Liberty is edited. Liberty is our name and liberty is what we have stood for and shall continue to fight for at a time when in all other parts of the world the light of liberty has gone out.

It is not a mere cliché to say that we stand for the American way of life. We intend it in the fullest meaning of those words. The American way is the way of freedom, the way of progress, the way of decency, the way of free opportunity, the way of democracy.

We shall continue to exemplify the great and glorious name that is ours. In these pages there will be no place for narrow partisanship. We shall always hold public welfare above private advantage. Without fear or favor we shall, when it is in the public interest, speak plainly and boldly against betrayers of the public trust, against abuses of power, and against all individuals and groups, in and out of office, who would put greed or selfish ambition above the general good. We shall work in the interests of national unity, at the same time holding fast to the conviction that a strong and determined but patriotic opposition is a vital part of the democratic principle. We shall encourage such opposition; and we shall support, in season and out, a two-party system. Our faith lies in the full operation of that plan of checks and balances which is the heart and core of our Constitution.

Liberty is a magazine of information, of inspiration, and of entertainment. We shall publish articles and stories of surpassing excellence in these fields from the wisest and wittiest minds available to us.

We covenant solemnly with our readers to print the truth, uncolored and unbiased. We abhor that device of shoddy journalism called malicious selectivity by which the truth is told, but only a selected part of the truth, so that the net result is a lie. We shall continue not only to tell the truth but to give both sides of all important questions as stated by recognized authorities. On this editorial page we shall state our own views on all controversies of public significance.

We shall hold high the lamp of truth and do our part to enlighten the world in which we are privileged to serve.

In this policy of fairness, of honesty, of patriotism and good will the new management is united. To this policy our integrity is pledged.

FULTON OURSLER.

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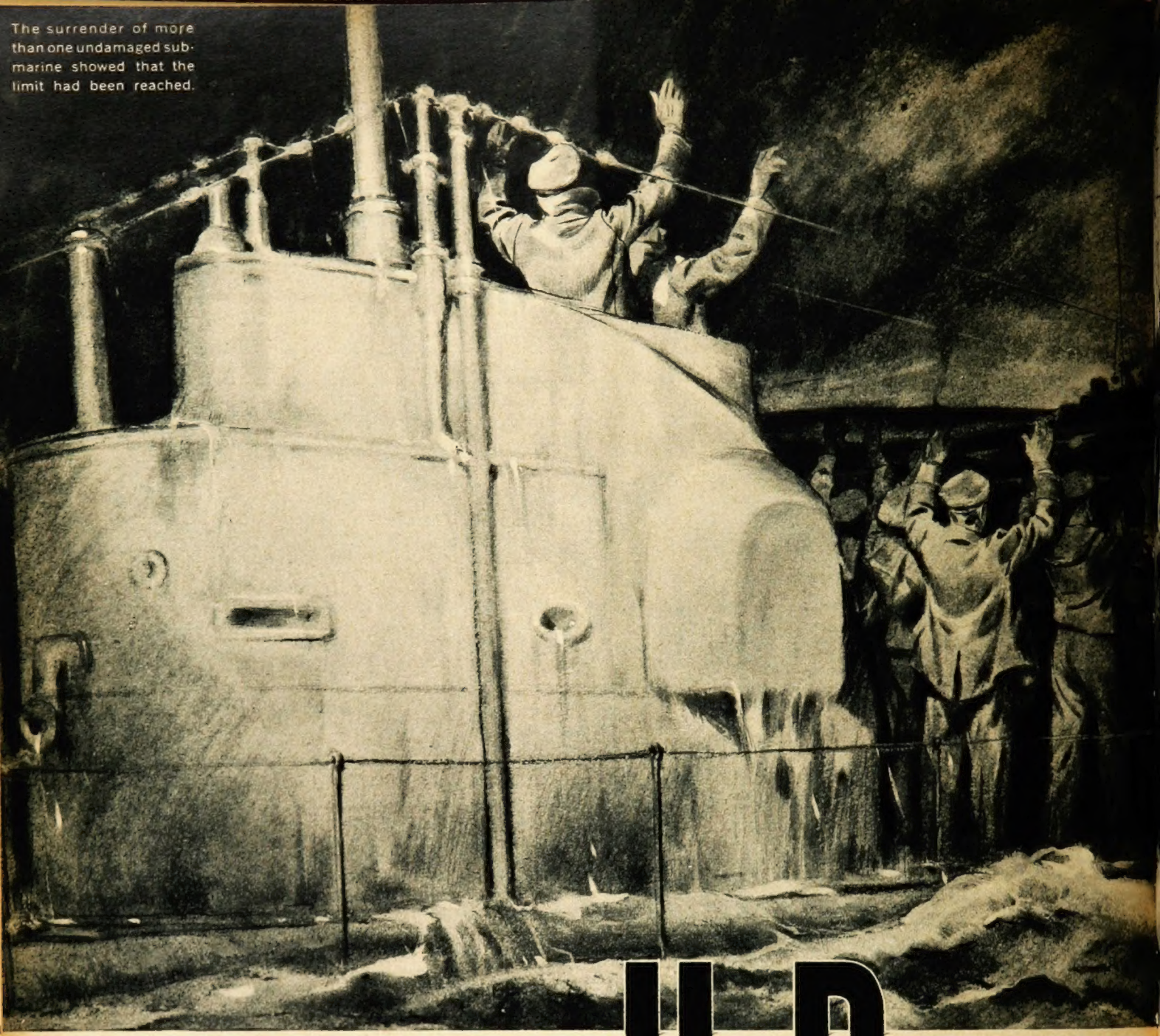

The surrender of more than one undamaged submarine showed that the limit had been reached.

The U-Boat

This article was written and first published before the present war. Liberty presents it now because of its exciting significance today—for its insight into what happened before, its illumination of the author's experience and equipment for the job of being Prime Minister, and what it reveals of the hope that may be in his mind in this spring of 1941, when again Britain is losing ships and again the United States is sending Britain aid. ~ ~ ~

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE 1914-18 war was incomparably the most prodigious manifestation of human strength that the world had seen. A hundred years almost to a year had passed since the end of the Napoleonic struggles. There had been many small wars or colonial wars, but, broadly speaking, there had been a hundred years while the nations had been gathering their economic strength and charging their cells with latent power.

By Menace

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Stirringly Britain's leader turns the light of the past on a crisis of the present

Steam, electricity, railways, in all their applications and consequences, had brought the nations to a pitch of prosperity and material force far exceeding anything of which the boldest minds had dreamed.

Then, at the summit of this astonishing development, with all their slow-gathered patriotism, passion, and resources, they fell upon one another in one frightful convulsion in which we seemed to recognize the Armageddon so long foretold by prophecy.

Although the Allies were throughout far more numerous, wealthy, and with the command of the sea better situated, they only by the skin of their teeth, and after several horrible hazards, emerged victorious.

It will always be a matter of great interest to examine the crucial points and see how small were the margins upon which the awful decision turned.

Nothing could have been worse than the first French plan. They were dominated by the idea that they must attack.

They ignored the power of the magazine rifle and the machine gun.

Instead of fortifying their whole frontier, or even only entrenching it while the armies were mobilizing, they met the German invasion by very large independent counterattacks of their own.

Three of the five French armies pushed forward on each side of Metz in an attempt to break the German center and paralyze the whole of their encircling movement through Belgium.

In the battle of the frontiers, which nobody in Britain understood at all at the time, the French armies were beaten, with a loss of two or three hundred thousand men and a disastrous slaughter of their best officers.

By the twentieth day of mobilization all the five French armies and the one British army were in full retreat, while the German invasion was pouring forward through Belgium toward Paris.

The fate of France was brought to a point within five weeks of the outbreak in the so-called Battle of the Marne.

The world had the impression that the French soldiers would fight magnificently so long as they were successful, but that they could not stand the ordeal of defeat, disappointment, and retreat.

The Germans believed this. Their High Command was absolutely certain they would take Paris.

Much more than that: they expected to break in upon the French from the east as well as from the north, and cut off, round up, and compel to surrender practically the whole of the French military force.

But it was wonderful to see the stubbornness and unflinching reserve power of the French. They retreated for five or six marches and then, at the fateful moment, all turned together and fell upon the invader.

Our attention had naturally been concentrated upon the extreme left or northern flank of this 250 miles of battle front.

Here it was that the British army fought and played a part which, as it turned out, was decisive.

But no one can judge the matter who does not realize that the whole life forces of France and Germany were, for three days, in deadly grapple, with their last reserves thrown in on both sides.

In this struggle the French, for the first time, used the power of their admirable artillery.

The Germans had pushed on with great rapidity and were sprawled out.

The French had retreated undismayed, and were now compressed and crouched for a spring.

By the mistakes made by General von Kluck near Paris a gap was opened in the German front into which the British army marched. The German main headquarters then lost their heads and ordered a general retirement. To our relief and astonishment, we suddenly felt the avalanche pressures stop.

The terrible enemy recoiled, and both sides settled down into the trenches in which, speaking generally, they remained for nearly four years.

If the French had not had this glorious power of rallying after their misfortunes and turning to bay; if the small British army of six divisions (out of a hundred on the fighting front) had not been where it was

(*Continued on page 51*)

Carol Bruce rose to fame overnight in the Broadway hit, Louisiana Purchase.

The private life of one of the Prettiest things on Legs

The surprising story behind the swift rise of a Bruce from Brooklyn

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

JUDGED by the good old Victorian traditions, Miss Carol Bruce is hardly old enough to have *anything but* a private life. Since she barged into town, however, in Buddy De Sylva's million-dollar hit Louisiana Purchase, the privacy of the lissome blue-eyed, chestnut-haired Bruce from Brooklyn has been whittled down to an almost irreducible minimum.

For when an unheralded twenty-year-old steps out on the stage before a Broadway first-night audience and, in her very first number, stops the show, that's news.

It should be explained, perhaps, for the benefit of those who may have been getting behind with their phonograph records, or who have been prevented from attending the night club in the Hotel Pierre as regularly as they might wish, or who still believe what Walter Winchell says about Ben Bernie and therefore miss the Old Maestro's program, that Miss Bruce sings. And how!

Carol, who has a most modest idea of her really not inconsiderable vocal attainments, once said: "I never did have a voice with any particular quality, so I always sang good and loud."

She can also sing sweet and low, and, so far as this music critic is concerned, she can also sing night and day!

Seriously, though, it is the deep-throated quality of her voice, its torchy huskiness, not its volume, which makes her rendering of the Irving Berlin spiritual, The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul, so unforgettably effective in the theater.

But her voice isn't her chief contribution. Not by an eyeful. One look at her picture tells you that. Call it personality, call it pulchritude, Miss Bruce has it. Even modest Carol realizes that this is so, and has worried about it a lot.

It would take an obtuse person indeed, and Carol is far from that, not to realize that there is something not wholly bad about her face or her figure or her what-have-you when the telephone is ringing all day, and palpitating art editors, high-powered advertising men, and other pressure groups are begging and bribing her to pose for publicity pictures.

Just the same, Carol has been dreadfully worried. Her ambition, you see, has always been to be an actress with a big A, and she feels the raves she is getting about her good looks will type her as a professional beauty or, at most, just a musical-comedy girl. However, the fact that she got over on the radio with millions of people who couldn't see her consoles her somewhat.

"On the stage," she says, "you can sell your personality, but on the radio you realize that whether you are pretty or not makes no difference."

It made a lot of difference, though, to a certain gentleman from the Hollywood beauty factories who joined one night the crush of fashionables who battle for seats to hear Carol sing in the Fifth Avenue after-theater restaurant established by Felix Ferry in the Hotel Pierre. So much difference that, almost before she could say "Thank you, Mr. Universal Pictures," Carol found her name signed to a movie contract which is said to call for $2,000 a week, probably the largest sum ever offered a starlet during her first year in the big time.

Now, all of these things don't just happen to happen within the space of one theatrical season. One of them, yes, but all of them, no. The girl has something which is bound to carry her to the top in *some* branch of the entertainment profession, perhaps in every branch. In the language of that profession, she's a natural.

And yet, Carol started out all wrong for theatrical success. She was born on the island of Manhattan. True, her family moved as quickly as possible across the East River to Brooklyn, but even such a show of resourcefulness has seldom been enough to remove the shadow which hangs over the heads of most Manhattan-born girls who try to make good on Broadway.

There have been exceptions, of course. Fannie Brice was born in Manhattan, and there are others.

(*Continued on page 64*)

I Love You and Good-by!

BY RUTH BURR SANBORN

Rich man, poor man, girl!—The warm and vivid story of a troubled heart's awakening

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"OF course I love you," Lacey said.

"And what does that get us?"

"I thought it might get us a wedding," Winch said.

"Weddings," said Lacey, "cost money."

"We could get to a parsonage for twenty cents."

"You would say that," said Lacey. "That's the trouble, Winch. That's why I can't marry you. You think it wouldn't matter."

Winch made a move toward her, and as swiftly checked it. "What is the trouble?" he said. "I don't understand." If only he would get mad, Lacey thought. If only he would shout. If only he wouldn't look like that, his eyes hurt and bewildered. "You weren't like this last year."

"Last year was last year," said Lacey.

The sense of last year rose up to overwhelm her. She had met Winch at the football dance in October. He had made the touchdown that won the game. Lacey was pleased because he sought her out. She had liked Winch right then at the beginning. Too much. She liked the big brown hulk of his body topped with tarnished gilt, and the gilt lashes shading the hilarious blue eyes. She liked the way laughter came down over his face, tying knots at the corners of his eyes, and then at the corners of his nose, before it reached his mouth. She liked his mouth best. It was a grave mouth, almost stern, contradicting all the rest of his face. He danced like water down a steep hill, swift and smooth.

It wasn't till her mother asked her if Winchcliffe Shandon was one of the Boston Shandons that Lacey realized that she didn't know a thing about him.

She learned things about him afterward. None of them were right. He didn't have a car. He worked in the college library and did tutoring. He said quite frankly that he couldn't afford the fraternity to which he received a bid. He wasn't, in short, at all the man that Lacey Penrick should be seeing.

And yet she was seeing him. Rather a lot. They went to the dances. They walked on Saturday afternoons. On Christmas Eve they climbed the hill, and there were candles in all the windows, and carols in the air, and snowflakes on Winch's lashes. Lacey had a little fur hood tied under her chin.

On May Day they took the first excursion steamer to Paragon Park. There was no one else aboard; and they pretended it was their boat and they were sailing to the farthest Hebrides. The amusement park was closed. If you walked far enough down the beach you couldn't even see it. They walked far enough. They took off the slacks and sweaters they had worn over their bathing suits and swam in the cold bright surf. Afterward they lay on their stomachs to dry their backs, and their heads were turned toward each other and their noses were an inch apart. Then the inch disappeared. Winch kissed her softly, lightly. And suddenly he sprang up and dragged her

When the truck came, Winch stood up, in the lights. "How about a lift?" he called out.

to her feet and held her. There was sea water on his bare skin, and there was salt on Lacey's lips and lashes. She clung to him and kissed him, terribly, over and over, because she knew she must not do it again.

"It was different last year," she said now.

"How?" said Winch. His eyes were as stern as his mouth, and they didn't look blue any more; they looked black and stormy.

"It all seemed simpler then," she said, fumbling with her thought. "Safer. We were in school, and the future was just the future. Now the future has found us. The wars were little wars last year, and far away. And now the war is a big war, and it's near. I suppose—I suppose you'll be the first to go."

"You'd want me to, wouldn't you?" he said.

"I'd want you to want to," she said honestly. "But those in essential industries may not have to go."

"The new vice-president of Cavender, Inc., for instance."

"After all, the Cavenders are going to make airplanes."

"Last year," Winch summed it up, "you hadn't met Auden Cavender."

"No," said Lacey—and admitted everything in that one word.

She looked up at him then, and their looks caught and held.

"You don't look like that," Winch said. And hesitated for a word, and said it grimly. "Calculating."

Lacey did not look calculating. She looked small and gentle and despairing. She had the small fine frame of all the Laceys, a translucence that was partly of fair skin and partly of shining spirit. The soft red mouth straightened. It made her face a white wedge in the darkness.

"I'm not calculating," she said—and wondered if she were. She had had to calculate so long. She said abruptly: "I'm a depression child, Winch. I mustn't marry just for love. I must have security."

"And Auden Cavender is your idea of security?"

"Yes," said Lacey. For an instant she left the word alone, knowing that she was killing in Winch the bright thing she had strangled so slowly in herself, knowing that it was better dead because it could not live serenely. If only it were not so brave and lusty a thing; if only it did not die so hard. Then she knew she must do for Winch the one thing she could do for him, ever. She must make him understand. She folded her hands in an odd little gesture of submission.

"I was nine when the crash came," she said. "We didn't lose everything at first."

"Yes?" said Winch.

"We never knew," said Lacey. "The stocks went first. There was real estate, and it ate itself up in

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My Old

By

BOB HOP

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

AFTER that last Kentucky Derby, in 1940, I promised myself that I'd think twice before going again. Not that I actually have any kick. I *did* roll up to my hotel after the Derby. That barrel was good for something! But to give you an idea—in visiting the Derby, I went out by United Air Lines, and came back by United Fruit Lines!

I guess what thrilled me most was the fact that anything could happen. At Churchill Downs a person is liable to win a fortune overnight. I know. Because, the morning after the big event, I had to get up especially early to give my butler his breakfast! A little later, the kid who used to shine my shoes drove up to my hotel in a brand-new Dusenberg. He was very nice about it, though. He left me his brush and his shoe polish!

But this year, for the 1941 Kentucky classic, I think it'll be different. I intend to wear the same suit I wore during the winter season at Santa Anita. It's a seersucker with a special pocket for carfare. The pocket has a time lock that opens after the last race!

So let it not be said that Colonel Bob Hope is afraid. Because, late in the afternoon of May 3, when a group of three-year-old horses parade to the post for the sixty-seventh running of the Kentucky Derby, I'll be one of the 70,000 on hand. Though I hope the crowd isn't too large. Last time, Skinnay Ennis almost got killed, so many people kept leaning on him. They thought he was the rail.

Anyway, underneath it all, I'm looking forward to returning to the mint juleps, goatees, Churchill Downs—and the eternal thrill of the bluegrass!

And I want to tell you, the grass down there in dear Kentucky is really blue. In fact, during my recent visits I ate so much of it my stomach's already in the Social Register. Why, they tell me even the chickens down there love the bluegrass. They eat three mouthfuls and can lay eggs in technicolor! (I'm afraid that was one of 'em!)

What impressed me most, during my visit of last spring, was the way those Louisville folks really go for the bangtails. I met one old actor

Kentucky Horse

Comes Derby time . . and a radio cutup celebrates with some gay indiscretions

there. He said he was through with horse races, systems, and betting. He said he was again concentrating on his dramatic career.

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "I'm glad you're through with the turf. Let's get together. Where do you live?"

"Where do I live?" repeated the actor. "Oh, a mile and a furlong from Louisville!"

At any rate, I went to Churchill Downs early. And was I thrilled when I walked into the clubhouse. Every eye turned my way. I was sure glad I thought of walking on my hands!

The crowd, as usual, was terrific. The place was so jammed that every time I took a deep breath I inhaled a noseful of buttons. Don Ameche was there. I asked him, "Why are you running around on all fours?"

Ameche answered, "I'm getting ready to make The Life of Seabiscuit for Zanuck!"

Eddie Cantor had a form sheet in one hand and carefully studied the entries. Then he looked down the list of jockeys, and saw after one horse "No boy"—so he bet a hundred dollars out of sentiment!

I wagered on a nice horse in the big race. At the half-mile mark the jockey said to him, "Come on, let it out"—so the horse stopped and took off his girdle. They even put blinders on that horse so he couldn't see the faces of the people who bet on him!

Of course I also had some money on the favorite, Colonel E. R. Bradley's beautiful Bimelech. It was an inside tip from Bradley himself. Oh, we know each other *very* well. I call him "Brad"—he calls me "Hey, you!"

Anyway, as you already know, the 1940 Derby was won by a long shot, Gallahadion. What a surprise! Why, even *he* had his dough on Bimelech! After the race was over, Bimelech got a wire from one of Bing Crosby's horses. It read: "Shake hands, brother. . . . You belong!"

In preparation for this year's Derby, I went into twelve months of intensive training—daily workouts. Yesterday I was clocked for the Derby distance in 2.05 flat!

To become an expert, I began following Crosby's horses. That was a mistake. I had to park my car right on the race track. Crosby asked me to. I helped him every week, towing his horses in!

Crosby took a personal interest in his Kentucky Derby eligibles. Before a tryout sprint, he pointed to Skinnay Ennis and said to his horse, "Look. Nothing's impossible. Now, go in there and win!"

Incidentally, this was the horse Crosby expected to enter in the Kentucky Derby. He told me to bet a week's salary on it when it went to the post in the tryout. But I knew there was something wrong when the jockey got inside the horse!

Really, though, I never saw such a wonderful piece of horseflesh without bones. I put ten dollars on his nose. How did I know the other end was going to come in first?

This was Bing's favorite nag. If he doesn't win next time Bing'll bury him! Frankly, I gave up studying horses under Bing Crosby when I learned his best horse was called "O Limp O."

Finally, grooming myself for this year's Kentucky Derby, I invented a scientific system of picking 'em, and spent the entire winter season up to March at Santa Anita previewing it. The Santa Anita track was really fast. In fact, it was the fastest strip in southern California outside of burlesque!

They had a new electrical starting gate at Santa Anita. It was run by a magnetic eye. In other words, if the eye could find a dime in the stands, they'd hold up the race till you bet it! Actually, that electric starter didn't do my system choices any good. What each of my horses needed was an electric hot foot!

But I want to tell you how swell my system worked. It was grand, honestly. The only trouble—no system can take various outside factors into consideration. For example, I picked a little filly named Juliet. She didn't break from the gate. They made her jump from a balcony! Then my system advised me to bet on a horse called Tobacco Road. It had been running eight years in New York. But I didn't know the jockey would ride it sidesaddle, with his feet dangling and a turnip in each hand! Then I got excited about a black horse from Denver. Nobody told me he ran on Mountain Time!

And so, friends, you can see that I'm quite an expert on the horses. Yes, sirree. Dead Heat Hope, they call me. At least, I think they said *Heat!*

Now then, briefly, an authoritative study of the coming Kentucky Derby:

I believe the winner will be Mr. C. S. Howard's brilliant brown three-year-old, Porter's Cap. That is, provided he runs. I saw him win the seventh running of the Santa Anita Derby, a $50,000 event held in February. I made one mistake. I bet on another horse in that race. They tipped me off that this other horse was poetry in motion. Poetry is right! He rhymed with blinks!

Another good bet would be the leading juvenile of last year, Whirlaway, who at this writing is ailing from a bad leg. In Florida he was so ashamed of one of his last races that he came in with one foot over his eyes! In the Flamingo, though, he behaved very nicely at the post—even after the others left.

A neat long shot might be Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's horse, Good Turn. He finished fourteenth in the Santa Anita Derby, but wasn't at his best. At first I thought the jockey had bags under his eyes; then I found out it was the horse. He was so slow, he ran the whole race wearing a feed bag—and didn't spill an oat!

There will be other horses who, barring accidents, may get under the Kentucky Derby wire first. I particularly like Our Boots, Curious Coin, Valdina Groom, Roman Governor, and Market Wise. There also may be plenty of horses in the Derby from down South America way. Studying these horses, I went "Aye, aye, aye, aye"—and three of them stopped and started a tango!

Anyway, remember, no matter how short the race is, if you don't use the Hope system—and I mean hope—you won't keep your bank roll furlong!

THE END

The Maeterlincks, who as refugees arrived in New York last July a few weeks before the husband's 78th birthday. The wife, whose maiden name was Renée Dahon, is forty years his junior and was a child, she says, when she fell under the spell of his most famous play, The Blue Bird.

By Maurice Maeterlinck

What a young Wife's Love Means to an old man

Does romance belong to youth alone?— In his own life a famous fugitive from the war finds a revealing, heartening answer

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IF, many years ago, when I was a young man, the power had been given to me to look far into the future and see what was destined to happen in the world in 1940, I think I could not have been blamed if I had lost most of my interest and all of my hope in life, and perhaps even the desire for life itself. For I would have seen things hardly to be conjured up in nightmare — Europe again locked in desperate warfare, the cities bombed and the women and children driven from their burning homes, choking the narrow roads of Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France in blind panic as the horsemen of the Apocalypse rode the skies above them. And riding not on charging steeds, these destroyers, but on wings of steel and thunder, giving the war an aspect more dreadful than that of the bloodiest war of the past, because, having conquered the air, men could range at will beyond the battle lines of the armies and strike the helpless civilians.

And there, in this world of tumult and mechanical savagery, I would have seen myself, a man no longer young and strong and therefore no longer so well able to withstand the impact of a civilization suddenly turned upside down. I would have seen myself forced of necessity to tear up the roots of my life overnight, to leave the home I loved in the country I loved and seek refuge in a land thousands of miles away—a refugee fleeing the war with hundreds of others, grateful for the good fortune that allowed me to escape when so many countless thousands could not, but faced nevertheless with the prospect of virtually beginning my life over again, establishing myself again, making my way again, at an age when one hopes to have settled down at last to a tranquil existence, unhurried and undisturbed.

Seeing such a future, I think I might well have said to myself, "There's no hope for you! You would never be able to live through all that; even if you did, you'd have lost your mind. You have no happiness to look forward to at the end —nothing but loneliness, bitterness, misery."

Everything I have described has come to pass, and yet today I can count myself a happy man.

(Am I foolhardy to say it out loud—"I am a happy man"? I've heard that people who boast of it sometimes find themselves plunged in despair almost the next minute, as if some mysterious and wicked power had resented their challenge and set out to show them how quickly they can be deprived of happiness. But I feel confident enough to take the chance.)

I have been able to do what at one time would have seemed to be the impossible—to make the transition from one world to another, the Old to the New; to see every material thing that I owned swept away in the cataclysm; to begin a new life in new and strange surroundings with a hope and belief in the future stronger, I think, than I have ever known.

But the credit for this isn't mine. I have not myself to thank, but rather the companion who was by my side throughout the dark year of 1940, as she has been beside me through the past twenty, ever since our marriage, accepting and sharing what came to me, the good and the bad, with understanding, with intelligence, with devotion and love. It was she who gave me the strength to face and live through the overwhelming rush of events of this last year that I should otherwise have lacked.

And so in the end my good fortune all comes down to this: that mine has been a happy marriage.

What makes a happy marriage? Millions of words have been written in the attempt to explain that satisfactorily, and I suppose that they might just as well never have been written. I can offer no theory, for the excellent reason that I have none. You can explain a ray of sunlight in scientific terms, you can pick it apart and analyze it and triumphantly write down your explanation in black and white—but the light will be gone. How can you explain the miracle of two people living together in understanding so perfect that one

(*Continued on page 64*)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MR. WINTERS AND THE

"A three-year-old child could play that hand!" Could you? Try it before you see how it's done in this intriguing story

MARVIN WINTERS, president of the Public National Bank, was as tough as they came. He was as strictly honest as he was relentless. When a glint of pity showed in his eye, it was in the left one—which was artificial.

William Dallas carried a good balance at the Public National and President Winters made it a point to meet the gentleman. Dallas, a genial, agreeable chap, did not appear to be actively engaged in business. He had been a promoter in New York prior to retiring and leaving the big city.

Dallas had a good-looking wife and a young child.

Winters' favorite diversion was contract bridge. He prided himself on his excellent bidding and skillful play. With Mrs. Winters as his partner, he delighted to play match games against other couples. When he lost, he heaped condemnation upon his wife. As a matter of fact, the lady played a sounder all-round game than her husband, but nobody had dared to tell him so.

When Winters learned that Dallas and his wife were also bridge enthusiasts, he invited them to his home several times and enjoyed nothing more than pointing out to Dallas his errors in bidding. It was Dallas' proud boast that he never missed bidding a slam contract. True, he did not fulfill his declarations many times, but these failures were no deterrent to Dallas. Conservatism was altogether foreign to his make-up.

Finishing a session at Winters', Dallas had bid for a grand slam at no trump, doubled and redoubled.

"You certainly have your nerve," said Winters.

Dallas grinned as he answered facetiously, "If I don't make it, I'll give you my watch."

Winters led an ace—and held out his hand.

"I'll take the watch, if you please," he said.

Dallas looked at him incredulously, but there was no question about it, Winters was serious. "Don't say it if you don't mean it," was his motto.

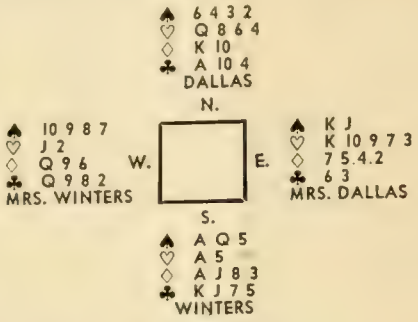
The watch was passed over and, quite unruffled, Dallas listened to a discourse on the fallacy of bidding for a no-trump grand slam with an ace missing.

"Come to my house next week," he said. "I'll try to do better, but I make no rash promises."

At the Dallas home, after an excellent dinner, the Winterses held excellent cards. For the final rubber Mrs. Dallas suggested that the ladies play together against the men.

It soon became evident that the two men did not form an ideal partnership. Winters had no confidence in his partner's declarations and refused to lead his bid suit, thereby losing the first game to the ladies. In an endeavor to save the rubber, Dallas overbid, and the infliction of several large penalties did not tend to improve Winters' humor. Then the men bid for three no trumps, making it game all.

The next deal was Dallas', and the distribution was quite normal:



Dallas and Mrs. Dallas passed. Winters, after a little hesitancy, bid two no trumps. Mrs. Winters passed, and Dallas jumped to six no trumps. Mrs. Dallas doubled and, after two passes, Dallas redoubled.

Mrs. Winters led the ten of spades, and as Dallas laid down his dummy hand, he said:

"If you can open with two no trumps when vulnerable, after my pass, you should have more than a fair chance for a slam. Play 'em to the hilt."

Winters did not seem happy over the prospect of fulfilling a slam contract, but won the first trick with the ace, over Mrs. Dallas' king. He then led a low diamond to the king. Having in mind the double on his right, he led the ten and finessed it to his wife's queen. It was now apparent to Mrs. Winters that her partner's double must have been predicated on the heart suit, so she led the jack of hearts. This was covered all around, and Winters cashed in his two good diamonds and discarded two spades from dummy. A low club went to the ace in dummy and the ten of clubs was led and finessed. When this play also failed, Winters looked at Mrs. Dallas indignantly.

"I thought you were the lady who doubled me?" he said.

"I was," she replied with a laugh. "You said Bill was such a terrible bidder, I thought I could take a chance."

Mrs. Winters next led the two of hearts and the havoc was awful. With the exposed dummy showing three hearts to the eight, Mrs. Dallas had four tricks in the suit and at the twelfth trick, Winters had a bad moment in deciding which of his two top cards to retain: the king of clubs or the queen of spades. Fortunately, he guessed correctly and took the last trick with the spade.

He had gone down five tricks for a loss of 2,800 points!

The knowledge that he had not played the hand to the best advantage did not help to soothe his feelings.

"Dallas," he said, "of all the bad players I know, you are the worst. Your slam bid was rotten and your redouble was criminal."

For a moment it appeared that Dallas would retort in kind, but he only smiled as he asked:

"Do you think you played that hand well?"

"I might have saved a trick or two," Winters conceded grudgingly. "The double by Mrs. Dallas fooled me. But that does not justify your atrocious bidding. Even with all the cards exposed, there isn't a player in the world who could take more than ten tricks with our hands."

"I thought you were a pretty good player," Dallas answered, "but now I see my mistake. I would be willing to bet ten thousand that my three-year-old kid could play that hand and make the contract without difficulty."

There was a venomous look on Winters' face as he reached in his pocket and extracted a small check-book. He produced a fountain pen, wrote out a check and threw it on the table.

"There is my money," he said. "Cover it or eat crow."

Dallas hesitated, and then said politely, "Would you lend me a blank check? I think my balance in your bank is adequate."

Winters nodded as he passed Dallas a check. Filling out the blank for $10,000, he handed it back to Winters.

"My dear," he said, turning to his wife, "will you please fetch little Jackie down?"

"Bill," she answered, "quit your joking and apologize to Mr. Winters. Jackie has been asleep for hours. He could never play that hand."

Winters was sorting out the cards and laying out the hands.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Dallas," he said, "the bet goes. Your husband knows my motto, 'Don't say it if you don't mean it.'"

"Will you fetch the kid or must I go and get him?" said Dallas sternly.

Mrs. Dallas arose slowly and left the room.

"That's the way the hands were?" Winters demanded of Dallas.

Dallas glanced at the cards and raised no objection.

Mrs. Dallas returned with Jackie and placed him in his high chair at the table. He was rubbing his eyes, heavy with sleep.

"Jackie," said Dallas, "wake up and play this bridge hand for six no trump. If you flop on it, papa spank. But if you make it, I'll take you to the circus."

Jackie looked at the cards with round eyes wonderingly.

"Nathty tard dame," he lisped. "I'th thleepy."

"Well, young man," said Winters, taking his wife's place at the table, "do you know how to play cards?"

"Yeth, thir," Jackie nodded.

The ten of spades was led as before and Jackie took it with the ace, led a diamond and finessed the ten.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Winters. "The kid certainly seems to

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"Awright," said Jackie, "take it back." Winters took back the spade.

10,000 BABY

BY THE FAMOUS BRIDGE MAESTRO

SIDNEY S. LENZ

WAR Girl

The gallant, gripping self-told story of a new kind of soldier

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Joy Smith speaking—Volunteer Smith of Britain's Auxiliary Territorial Service. A few weeks ago Joy was a "stenog" in a London office and her roommate Doris Mills had a job in a beauty parlor. Joy's intrepid cousin Kay Cullum arrived from Canada, having worked her passage over. She swept Joy and Doris along with her to the women's recruiting office, and an hour or so later all three were A. T. S. rookies in uniform, vowing to stick together. The A. T. S. details recruits for duty according to their civilian aptitudes; since these three could drive cars, they were made motor drivers. Kay and Joy drove a three-ton truck. Doris, with her "Simone Simon curves and appeal," got herself attached to the (masculine) headquarters staff.

One night, as the truck was taking supplies to an antiaircraft station, a "Jerry" plane swooped and a bomb killed a sentry who had just tried to warn Kay and Joy. After that their section leader offered to recommend them for dangerous duty with the artillery. They said they'd ask Doris. But Doris, it appeared, was A. W. O. L. with an army car and a second lieutenant. This meant serious trouble for her. Kay took the lead in the resolve of the other two to get her out of it.

PART TWO—BATTLE . . . AND A FLIRTATION WITH DEATH

KAY and I spent an unhappy night. Doris wasn't the responsible kind, but she was a woman at war, a soldier, and one of us.

"We three gotta stick together," Kay said. "And that doesn't mean walking out on a partner because she's done something silly. Gee, if I could lay my hands on that guy! Whoopee yeaow! It sure burns me up!"

That evening we screwed up courage to go and see Section Leader Thomas. She was at work in the company office with a glass of whisky at her elbow. We told her that we could not go on the job yet.

"Well, girls, this is a volunteers' job," she told us, "and if you don't take it, no one will know any difference, but I'd like you to go. Sorry about Volunteer Mills! I suppose you'd both like absence passes. Make up your minds. You're due for leave anyhow. Wait a jiff. I'll get them signed. Commandant's still in."

She came back. "Volunteer Cullum, you had better find Volunteer Mills before you take your leave. Here's your authority."

"You want me to arrest her, ma'am?"

"I want you to find her. Do your duty, Cullum, and here are your leave papers."

The commandant bounced in. "So these are the volunteers for special duty, Thomas." We stood to attention. She looked every pound a general. Iron-gray hair, a row of medals, a kind smile, and a monocle.

"Good luck to you, girls," she brisked. "You'll be a credit to us, I'm sure."

We said, "Thank you, ma'am," saluted, good-nighted Mrs. Thomas, and bolted into the blackout. I didn't feel like talking. So we had to arrest Doris—if we found her; and Mrs. Thomas didn't trust me to do it. She had given the authority to Kay. Poor old Doris. How could she be such an idiot? She had told us about Lieutenant Johns, but it hadn't seemed more serious than any of the others she was always raving about.

We hadn't passed through the sentries when Kay stopped and turned back and said:

"Joy, we're a couple of dopes. This is a plain case of find the *hombre*—sorry, I mean man. Let's see if that little squirt of an orderly corporal knows anything."

Back in the orderly room, she vamped Corporal Jones till she got Lieutenant Johns' address. The lieutenant was living out.

"Oh, so he brought the car back but he forgot Volunteer Mills," said Kay. "We'll remember her. Let's go, Joy."

A gray-haired old dear with black beads and a lace collar opened the door at Lieutenant Johns' house. She threw up her hands when she saw our uniforms. "Oh, dear! You haven't come to arrest that girl! Not here, please! No scandals! I never wanted her here."

"You're showing a light, ma'am," Kay reminded her. "I guess we'd better step in. The police are strict around here."

"Of course," whined the old lady. "This dreadful blackout!"

As we stepped into the darkened hall, a man's voice inquired, "Now, what's all this about? She's not here, if you've come for that girl."

The old dear pulled the chain of the gas burner, and as the light went brighter we saw Lieutenant Johns. We saluted. "If you think she's here, you've made a mistake," he said.

Kay's voice was tougher than ever I'd heard it. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have to ask you some questions. I understand you brought the car back to the depot."

His voice hesitated. "Well—er—that is, I borrowed it for the evening—"

"It was being driven by Volunteer Mills, sir. That is our information."

"And, pray, who gave you that information?" He was getting nasty.

"I suppose you know that Volunteer Mills is reported absent without leave," Kay said. "She'll be turned out for this. It'll sure break her up." She lowered her voice and buttered it with disdain. "If I had a crush on a girl I wouldn't get her in a jam like this."

He snapped, "You're forgetting yourself. I shall have to make a report."

She laughed at him. "So shall I, lieutenant, and I shall hate to read it. Hullo, what's that?"

The old woman let out a squeak of anxiety. Kay dodged around behind the lieutenant like a terrier after a rat. She came back tugging Doris by the arm; Doris red-eyed, her shoes in her hands, her face white. She had been slipping out of the back door.

Doris fell into my arms. "I can't go back, Joy," she sobbed. "They'll shoot me. Please let me go—oh, please! I haven't done anything wrong. I was too late to get into camp the other night, and I was too frightened to tackle the sentries alone."

"Put a sock in it, Doris," Kay told her. "We're going to take you back." She paused. "Unless, of course, the lieutenant wants to make it a military police job."

The lieutenant looked pretty distressed. "I say, girls, can't we talk this over? As a matter of fact—er—well, Doris and I were thinking of getting married, and I don't want any kind of bother."

His mother blasted like a Jerry crump. "Marry her, Ronnie? Of course you weren't! Don't be ridiculous! You know you're engaged to a perfectly nice girl."

Doris got red. He was scarlet.

"Whether she marries him or not," said Kay, and the "him" was what the crossword people would call three letters meaning contempt, "she's coming back to her unit. And marrying her wouldn't save her from the mess he's got her into."

"But he's not going to marry her," croaked the old lady. "He's engaged to a woman of his own class. It's a preposterous idea."

"I should say it is," withered Kay. "Seeing he hasn't a word to say for himself. Volunteer Mills, you'd better come now."

I took Doris by the arm. She was really crumbled. Lieutenant Johns followed us to the door. "I say, do you think she will get into trouble?" he pleaded. "It was my fault, you know. If there's anything I can do—"

"There is," said Kay. "Just forget it, and leave her alone in the future. She has a job to do just as

Illustrator
Charles La Salle

The wood became alive with barking guns. We rushed into cover and stayed there.

much as you have. Good night, sir!"

We marched off as if we were escorting Doris to the firing squad at least. And we *were* taking her back to the guardroom to punishment—perhaps prison. . . .

Kay stopped suddenly. She put her arm round Doris' shoulders. "Don't worry, kid. Everything will be all right. Whoopee yeaow!"

Doris sobbed, "But they'll put me on bread and water—"

"We'll put you on milk and honey, sweetie pie. Come on, mop them up. Now I feel like a coffee!"

She pushed us into a coffee shop, headed for a quiet corner, and then handed Doris the paper Mrs. Thomas had given her. "There you are—a leave pass from Monday, 1 A. M. You've been on leave all the time."

Doris brightened up. "But, Kay, I don't understand. Oh, you darling!"

"No more do I—but don't thank me; Mrs. Thomas did it. I didn't even ask her, but she did say that we must all have good-conduct sheets for this new job. Anyhow, every dog is allowed two bites."

Doris went on crying. "I didn't mean to desert. I got late on a ten-o'clock pass Sunday night. He wanted me to stay to meet his mother. I was too frightened to go back—and he said we'd get married. . . ."

THE next morning we reported to Section Leader Thomas. "Morning, girls," she beamed. "Glad you're all together. You'll be ready to leave tonight, I hope."

Doris hung behind to say thank you. "Don't thank me, my dear," said Mrs. Thomas. "Thank your pals—and don't do it again, my dear. Remember this: In the A. T. S., as anywhere else, if you're in trouble the best thing to do is to face it out."

We set off in a truck, wired in like a bird cage, the next morning—a dozen of us, ready for anything. Twelve girls, twelve battle bowlers[1], and twelve kit bags. A kit bag is an outside pillowcase in canvas—a pretty hefty thing to hump around.

"Gor love a duck!" said one of the girls as we drove through a gate in a double fence of barbed wire, with enough sentries to stop an invasion. "This is a man's camp! What are they going to do with us?"

"Nothing that would worry you, dearie," yelled some one.

The boys gave us a cheer. We gave them Churchill's thumbs-up signal. The truck stopped outside the orderly room. "Don't get out till I tell you, girls," the section leader told us. Then she went to report to the office. The boys came and gave us cigarettes. They were artillerymen!

"What are they going to do with us here?" I asked one, a cheery ginger bloke.

"Ask me," he grinned. "But the food's pretty awful. The kitchen needs a woman's touch."

Doris wrinkled her nose. "No cooking for me! I might manage a poached egg for one man, but spaghetti for a regiment!"

The section leader came out with an artillery officer. I got a heart thrill. He was like Max, tall, dark, and handsome. The same regiment, too. The Royal Artillery. Max would soon be an officer!

"It's about five miles away, sergeant," said the officer to our section leader. "It is sergeant, isn't it?" He grinned and passed his cigarette case back to us. "Of course the boys would like to have you here, but your job is higher up the line—you'll be in tents for a week or two. I hope you won't mind. It's all right as long as it doesn't rain!"

Finally the truck came to a halt outside a wood. We dumped our kit bags overboard and got down into three inches of mud. We formed up in line. The officer said, "I don't have to tell you"—he hesitated—"well, I mean—this is a pretty secret job—or, rather, what you're going to see here is, so we'll ask you to keep your little mouths shut."

A motorcycle and side car drove up and out stepped a pretty natty-looking company assistant wearing a red artillery lanyard on her shoulder. She saluted the officer like an old-timer. "Sorry I'm late, sir. I went down to the camp to meet the draft. Didn't expect you to bring them up. They usually march, sir."

"Indeed? Well, I don't see why they should—not while we have trucks. Pretty muddy here!"

"We're used to it, sir."

SHE saluted and he drove off. She stood us at ease. "Now, girls, I suppose you're all wondering what you're here for. Would you rather rest and go to billets or let me tell you now?"

"Now," we chanted. "Now."

"Good. You can smoke if you like—we're at ease. Oh, by Jove, we're not. Disperse into the woods at the double."

The air-raid alarm whined and the wood became alive with barking guns. We rushed into the cover of the trees and stayed there. "This is our daily nuisance," explained the company assistant. "What he wants I can't say, but he's always here. He never drops any bombs, just snoops. By the way, my name is Pepper—Miss Pepper." She laughed. "I expect you'll call me Pep behind my back. We'll get on all right if you work hard."

She took a whistle from her pocket and blew it. Three short blasts. We stood like dummies.

"Come on!" she snapped. "Action, everybody. Gas masks."

Gas! So it had come at last. I had a funny feeling around the middle. We got our gas masks on in pretty good time, replaced our tin hats, and stood at attention.

"There's a hut on fire containing the company records," said Pep. "I want volunteers for a rescue squad."

We all stepped forward.

"Follow me." Pep set off at a double. We ran around the edge of the wood, skirted a hedge of barbed wire, and sprinted up a bridle path across a plowed field to a copse sheltering a low long wooden hut. It wasn't on fire. Pep halted us and blew her whistle. We took off our gas masks a bit breathlessly.

"Good work, girls. I just wanted to see how smart you were. Now, inside, all of you, and get ready for foot inspection."

We peeled off our shoes and stockings. She inspected our "plates of meat" (army slang for feet). "I'll get the M. O. to give you something for those corns," she said. "Now break off for ten minutes, then go back where we started—that is, when the 'all clear' goes—and bring your kit bags. If any of the men offer to carry them, say no. They know this place is out of bounds."

"Please, ma'am," said some one, "won't you tell us something about the job?"

PEP smiled. "Of course! I'm glad you're as keen as all that. Smoke if you want. By the way, I hope you are all good at math."

No one said yes. She laughed. "I know how you feel. Well, you've been specially chosen for that. This job is a bit of math, a lot of common sense, and more quick thinking. We're going to make gunners of you. They've discovered that girls are better than men at this kind of thing, so that's why we're here."

She fingered the red lanyard on her shoulder. "That means I'm a qualified member of a gun team. Briefly, our job is this: We are helping to train the boys in gunnery. This is an antiaircraft gunnery camp. That's why Fritz gets such a warm reception every time he comes over. Tomorrow you are going to make the acquaintance of 'Kitty'—that's what I call the kinetheodolite, a pretty wizard instrument that tells the men just where the shells go and enables them to hit the bull's-eye every time—at least, if you do your work properly. The work's not difficult. When you graduate here you'll go elsewhere. You may even have to teach men the job."

Our quarters were tents surrounded by barbed wire. Pep slept in the company office. Mrs. Simmons, the resident senior leader (that's really a sergeant major), turned up after grub. She lined us up for another inspection.

"Pep's a grand girl," she told us. "She'll lead you a dance, she'll rout you out for fire alarms, and she won't let you do any slipshod work. But you'll like her." She stuck her fat white hands in her belt, and went on in a queer squeaky voice with a Lancashire accent. "And she'll fight for you too. The old commanding officer down there is a bit of a martinet. Silly old codger! He won't have women soldiers in his camp—upsetting his men, as he says. That's why we're living here like a lot of bloomin'

[1] Army slang for steel helmet

Robinson Crusoes. But Pep will beat him! We'll all be eating in the officers' mess before long. Pooh! It's a fine army where the men are frightened by women. What can a woman do to a man that he doesn't want her to?"

She stumped away, then turned back and eyed us defiantly. "And if any one calls me anything but Auntie, off duty, I'll put her down for loss of privileges. And if any one calls me Auntie on parade, she'll go in the clink. Squad, dismiss!"

That night we all crowded into one tent, listening to Auntie's stories and drinking beer. Auntie had been a W. A. A. C. in the last war, a nurse, and a laundry supervisor on a cruise liner. Before joining up she owned her own laundry. "Now I'm just waiting to put Hitler through the mangle," she said.

We went to work next morning. Pep gave us a lecture and divided us into squads, three girls to a unit. Two days afterward we had a practice shoot. Kay, Doris, and I were on one gun team. The kinetheodolite is a surveying instrument for measuring the vertical angle, and on this job it is worked with a camera which registers on film strip the moment the shell leaves the gun. Two of us sit immediately behind the gun and another in an observation post about a mile away. We work out the record of the shell's flight, check the errors sent in by the girl ahead, and give the corrections to the gunners. Sounds complicated, but it isn't. A little bit of geometry, a little bit of "logs," and there you are. I hadn't known Doris had such a head for figures.

WE were doing a shoot with A Battery when the air-raid alarm went. "Stay put!" snapped Pep over the wire. "Better take shelter," advised the gunner sergeant, a bit white around the gills.

"We stay," said Doris. "Our officer has just told us."

"It don't seem right," he said.

The whole camp went into action. A gun I'd never thought was there opened up quite near us. The blast nearly blew my hat off. I ducked. Then the range came through on the teleprinter—real action range.

Gosh, what a thrill as our gun crew slammed their first round in the breech! Bang! I set the film going. Kay's voice came over the wire giving her reading. Doris was working her slide rule without even a tremor. I worked out my piece and gave it to the gunner's orderly. The Three Must-Get-Theirs helping the gunners!

Bang! Bang! Bang! We were working like automatons. Everything was going swell. This was the real thing.

"It's a big raid—they're after us," puffed the gunner's orderly. "Gorblimy, look at that!"

Ahead, a bomb went up like a fountain of black smoke, half a mile away. Another, and then another.

"Mom's missing three jars of jam and a jar of pickles. I'm being held for questioning."

The blast of the last one blew my battle bowler askew. I remember straightening it in the mirror. Doris didn't seem to notice anything. She was concentrating on her calculations.

A Spitfire howled across over our heads. Three more came after it. We wanted to cheer but hadn't time.

"Too near—they've no right to be here!" snapped the gunner major. He grabbed my dial reading. "Thank you, miss. Good work."

Pep came on the phone. "Everything all right, girls? I'm going to Post B." Post B was Kay's position.

Three more rounds and suddenly a German plane came into view. "Flat on your backs!" yelled the major. "Machine-gun crews in action!" Doris didn't move. So I stayed put. There was a roar like a passing express train. A soldier near by grunted and fell over flat. I didn't dare look up, for I knew he was hit. The German plane roared over, leaving only the sound of its guns in our ears. Our own machine guns were barking like mad, but the German had gone. A new range had come through. We went at it again. Bang!

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD

"If my mother should happen to call up for anything, Mr. Bauman, I'll be waiting outside to deliver it."

Bang! Bang! Suddenly the major yelled, "Got him, by Jove! We got him!" I looked up then. Something was coming down, and coming down pretty fast. It changed suddenly into a green parachute. A German jumping for his life. Pep waved to us as she went by on her motorcycle.

"That girl ought not to do that," barked the major. "If another one comes, they'll get her. Who is she?"

"That's Pep, our officer," said Doris.

He laughed. "Of course I know her, but she shouldn't do that. Still, we have no control over her. She probably knows what she's up to!"

THE next German plane arrived and started to splatter machine-gun bullets all around us. I hadn't even noticed them take away the man who got hit. I hadn't noticed anything. We were so busy.

Then I heard the major say, "Jove, they've got her!"

I squinted across the field. A dirty brown-looking warplane was zooming toward us. It was gone almost before you could see it. It gave us a burst of bullets that went over our heads. Way out there in no man's land I could see Pep's motorcycle lying on its side, giving off a cloud of smoke. The major blew his whistle and the ambulance wagon went tearing out. My heart fell. Poor old Pep. Then I saw that the gunner they had hit first had left a nasty brown stain on the ground. There was a fly sitting on it. I felt sick. I wanted to run and help Pep. Doris whispered to me, "You can't go, Joy. We've got to stay here." She was jabbing at her mouth with an inch of lipstick with one hand and working at her figures with the other.

We got a new range. The guns started again. High up in the sky were little black dots. I could see the high explosive bursting underneath them. The guns behind opened up again. Kay's voice came over the wire crisp and undisturbed. We got new figures. We carried on. Finally the "all clear" went. Doris passed me a packet of gaspers.

"You want a bit of powder, darling," she said. "Your nose is awful shiny."

As I dabbed at my nose I saw the ambulance going slowly across the turf. Poor old Pep. I wanted to cry.

The major came in. "All right, girls, we'll continue our practice shoot."

One doesn't talk about such things. We carried on, but in our hearts was a fierce determination that those men in the sky should pay for what they had done.

Had the German machine gun really got Pep? Were "The Three Must-Get-Theirs" to be rewarded for staying put under fire? What happens when an artillery C. O. and his officers throw a party in honor of War Girl comrades—and a feminine A. T. S. chief commandant hears of it? Just listen to Joy next week!

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I SAW WAR'S HELL IN THE

THE night was growing even colder. As we reached the snow line 5,000 feet above the floor of the valley, tiny granules of ice swept down and lashed our faces. Sharp rocks jutted through the snow and mud and tore at our boots. But the Greek soldier kept plodding on up the trail at the same steady pace, and I followed.

We had been climbing now for five hours without a break. A thousand feet an hour up a sheer wall of rocks too steep even for the footsore army mules. And it would be another three hours before we reached the Greek lines. Though there seemed to be no limit to the endurance of the soldier who was acting as my guide, there was to mine. I shouted to him and finally he stopped. For a time we rested there in the darkness.

Then suddenly the quiet was broken by the roar of heavy guns. A few seconds later a shower of sparks marked the spot, about a quarter of a mile away, where the shells had crashed into the rocky slopes.

The Italians were just firing at random now. But in the morning it would be different. The whole mountainside was commanded by the Italian artillery and during the day their observation posts could spot any movement along the trail. So we were racing the dawn to the top.

Somewhere along the massive ridge which towered almost directly above us was the front. The Greeks had captured the heights by hacking this trail out of the mountainside. Now it was their sole line of communication, and every gun, every ounce of food and ammunition had to be carried up it at night on the backs of soldiers. Down it were brought the sick and wounded.

Several times during the night we passed men of the supply column. They had to move fast. Behind them came the stretcher parties and the wounded who were able to hobble along somehow.

As we started up the trail again Dimitriatos began singing a Greek army marching song. Mountains didn't mean a thing to him, and he looked more like a pack mule than a man. Besides his rifle, blankets, and pack, he was carrying a thirty-pound sack of provisions—and two artillery shells in the pockets of his greatcoat just to help the boys out. Short and stocky, he had once been a shepherd in the wild hills of Macedonia. Now he was an evzone, one of the crack Greek troops who amuse tourists in peacetime with their ballet skirts and long white stockings. When the war came, that ceremonial dress of theirs was discarded for a more serviceable khaki version and they proved themselves just about the toughest fighting men in the world. An officer told me that Dimitriatos had killed sixteen of the enemy in hand-to-hand fighting. There's nothing an evzone likes better than getting in close with his bayonet. Then no holds are barred and even his teeth come in handy. I had seen evidence of that among the Italian prisoners.

For three hours more we slipped, stumbled, and climbed. We were just approaching the top of the ridge when the first gray light of dawn was breaking. I remembered what the general had said to me:

"Once you reach the top, it will still take you about twenty minutes to reach our lines. During that time you'll be within sight and range of the Italian machine guns. So don't get caught out."

Well, it was too late to do anything about it now.

The wind was whipping the snow from the mountaintops and blowing the clouds from the morning sky. We seemed to be standing in a sea of whirling foam at the very top of the world. Below us rose the thousand peaks of Albania's jumbled ranges, dazzling in their whiteness. The trail ran along the other side of the narrow ridge, down slightly to a shallow saucer which bulged from the mountainside. Along it were the Greek lines and we could see the small tents half buried in the snow behind the gun emplacements. In a sharp dip in the slope about a thousand yards below were the Italians.

From now on till we reached the camp we would be a target. So we started off crouching low and going as fast as we could. The Italian machine-gun positions were in plain view, and at any moment I expected to see the snow start dancing up around us. Suddenly Dimitriatos threw himself flat on the trail. I did a nose dive into the snow. We lay there for about a minute, but still the machine guns were silent. One final dash and we made the camp. The Italians were sleeping late that morning, and we soon found out why when we reported to the tall bearded colonel.

"We pulled a few fangs out of those wolves of Tuscany in the early hours of the morning," he told us. "At three o'clock about two hundred of them crept up to within a short distance of our lines. When our outposts spotted them and tried to open fire with their machine guns, they found that the oil had frozen solid during the night and every gun was jammed. There wasn't time to rouse the whole camp, and besides, the Italians might have charged at that point and we would have been in a very bad position.

"There were about sixty men available in our advanced positions. They split up into two groups and worked their way round as fast as they could to the flanks of the Italians. At a signal from their officer they charged with bayonets, shouting like lunatics. It must have given the Italians quite a shock. The whole battle was over in a few minutes. They left twenty-eight of their men behind. You can count them yourself."

We walked forward to the edge of the saucer, and then crawled over the other side on our hands and knees, just in case. There, a few hundred yards ahead, I could see the rigid forms lying in grotesque positions. A thin white blanket was gradually covering them, but the dark stains in the snow still showed through.

When we climbed back into the saucer, the colonel pointed to another mountain ridge across the valley. It was divided by a deep gap. One side was held by the Greeks, the other by the Italians.

"Mussolini's talked big about his spring offensive, but so far it has been a failure. This morning we are launching a little counteroffensive of our own over there."

Soon a green Very light soared up into the air, followed by another. The Greek mountain batteries and the heavy artillery in the valley opened up with a roar that was deafening. Hundreds and hundreds of shells whistled across into the Italian positions, preparing the way for the Greek infantry.

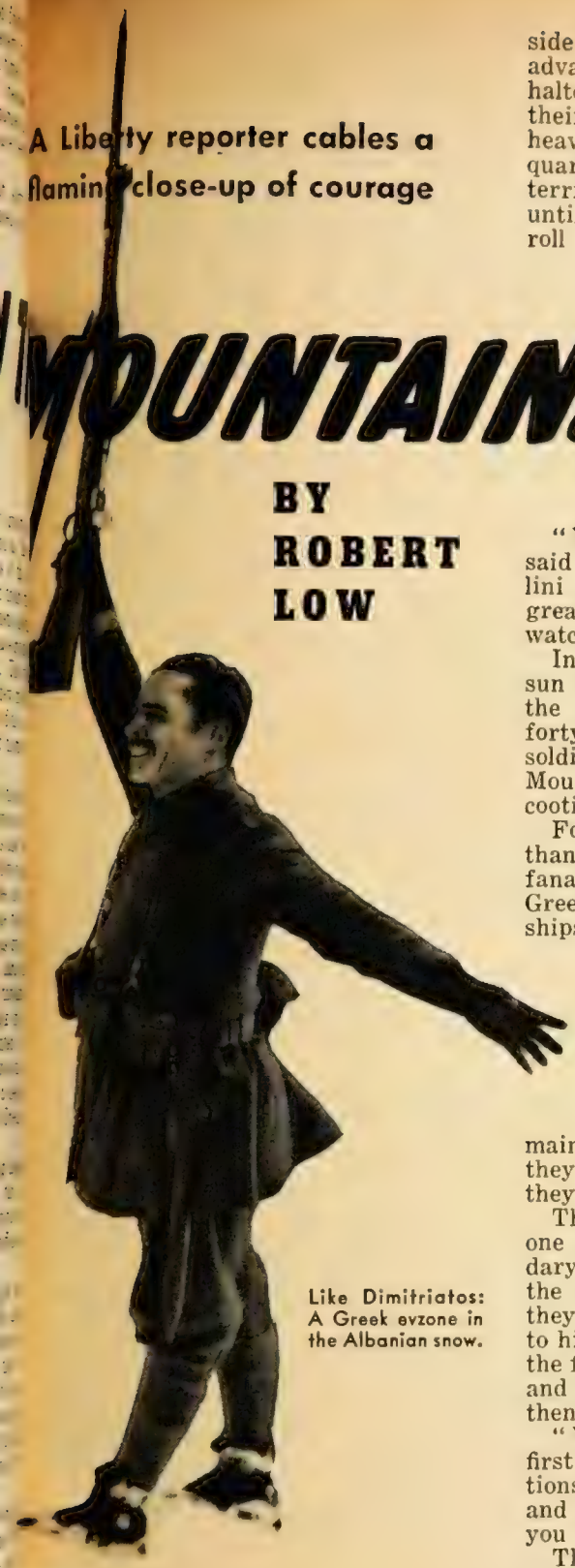
Then from the valley two red Very lights floated upward. The barrage started creeping from the advanced Italian positions to their heavier gun installations behind. And as it shifted the khaki-clad figures began moving from the Greek lines down the gap. Through field glasses I could see the sun on their bayonets.

Foot by foot, they battled their way up the almost perpendicular slope on the other side in the face of heavy machine-gun fire. But soon they had support from their own side. Greek machine gunners were now firing on the Italians and harassing them with a light mortar which throws a small but deadly shrapnel grenade. Ironically, these very efficient mortars were Italian and had been captured earlier in the war.

A Liberty reporter cables a flaming close-up of courage

MOUNTAINS OF ALBANIA

BY ROBERT LOW



Like Dimitriatos: A Greek evzone in the Albanian snow.

The Greeks had reached the first line of the Italian positions. They lay there in the snow for a few minutes until more of their men came up the gap. Then they charged in two waves. One was enough. The Italians were retreating now up to the crest of the ridge and disappearing down the other side.

But the Italian artillery farther down the valley and their howitzers on the other side of the crest were pouring a steady stream of shells onto the new positions held by the Greeks. Enormous geysers of snow and smoke rose from the mountainside as the Greeks continued their advance. Just below the crest they halted. Then the Greek artillery gave their full attention to the Italian heavy guns. The duel went on for a quarter of an hour. The noise was terrific. Then gradually it died down, until finally there was only the drum roll of an occasional machine gun.

"Well, that's all for the moment," said the colonel. "They say Mussolini is in Albania to command his great offensive. Perhaps he was watching today and taking a lesson."

In four hours it was all over. The sun was almost overhead now, and the temperature had soared about forty degrees. Back at the camp the soldiers were reading their shirts. Mountain or desert, the flea and the cootie are eternal camp followers.

For pay which amounts to less than one cent a day, and an almost fanatical love of their country, the Greek troops have undergone hardships suffered by few armies in modern warfare. In the opening days of the war the evzones in this camp had been one of several patrols which had raced along the frontier to close gaps. These patrols reached isolated heights in the mountains and were cut off from the main body of the army. For weeks they lived on the meager supplies they had brought with them.

The colonel had been in charge of one patrol. He was almost a legendary figure in the army now. At the height of one of the blizzards they had lived through, he had sworn to his men that he would never leave the front lines until the war was over and the Italians were defeated. Since then he has been in every big battle.

"We were rather hungry in those first weeks," he said. "A day's rations consisted of a few dried figs and as many mouthfuls of snow as you cared to eat."

Then he added that things were better now. In fact, I was lucky enough to arrive on a day when they were going to have something special for lunch. My heart sank, because I knew what was coming. I did my best to explain that I couldn't think of accepting food which was intended as a treat for the officers and men; I had brought my own food with me.

It was no use. The colonel insisted. We went over to a large pot cooking over a tiny primus stove. He handed me a tin bowl and then filled it with the great Greek army delicacy—a lukewarm stew of sheep's intestines, with the sheep's eyes and other parts added for flavor.

Eating that stew was the worst moment I've had in this war. I looked at it and it looked right back at me. I smiled weakly at the colonel.

"Go ahead," he said. "Eat now—it's best when it's warm."

Well, I ate it. . . .

The Greek antiaircraft guns gave us the first warning. Three perfect V formations of Caproni bombers were heading for the opposite ridge. Hovering high above were Italian fighters. The bombers were after the new Greek positions.

Just as the first stick of bombs dropped, British fighters began diving on the Italian fighters, with another squadron coming in lower to tackle the bombers. In a moment the sky was filled with planes diving and climbing for position. Soon a Caproni was spinning down in flames, and then another. From high above, an Italian fighter was spinning down. Then a British fighter was knocked out of action.

Four huge white parachutes came billowing from the sky. One more Caproni was sent crashing. Then there was quiet on the front again.

Late in the afternoon the wounded from the sortie of the night before were lying on stretchers waiting to be carried down after dark. I lit a cigarette for a young officer who lay bundled up in his blankets, and asked how he'd been wounded. He said:

"Last night after the fight I was coming back toward our lines with my men when I heard a voice call, '*Soldati Greci!*' It was obviously a wounded Italian. I told my men I was going back to find him. They didn't want me to go. They thought it might be a trap.

"When I finally located a prostrate form half covered with snow, I heard a shot, felt rather queer, and fell right on top of the man who had shot me. I did not want to move. I did not want to kill the Italian. Somehow I knew he was dying. He spoke only once. My last thought was that I was very cold and must do something about it. I crawled under his rigid form. He was well over six feet one, and he had a ghastly wound all along his side."

He was silent for a moment, then he went on: "You know, I've been thinking about what my Italian muttered to me. He said, 'I did not want to die alone.'"

Night had almost fallen now. We could hear the supply column starting to move off. The young officer took one last drag on his cigarette and smiled. "You know, somehow I don't blame him," he added.

THE END

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

DEAR OL' Deadline

BIBS WARRING of the Press is a Grade-A honey with the general appearance of a dream come true but a typewriter where her heart ought to be.

Cherry Malone of the Daily is a nice blend of your favorite Hollywood heroes to look at, but stick him with a pin, he'd drip ink.

They're the two people left in the news factories who still go at it like you see in the movies. Life, to them, is just tomorrow's copy. So I say it's high time when Fate finally gets them together—Fate and a zipper and a Mr. Loogan with a homicidal mania.

Mr. Loogan having taken down his blunderbuss and blasted the daylights out of Mrs. Loogan, a friend of the family named Antonio, and himself, we all drop around to the late happy hearthside, third floor back, down on South Seventeenth Street, half a dozen of us.

It's the first time Bibs and Cherry have come within vibrating range, although they've been decorating the town for over a year, spreading a fearful epidemic of palpitation among the populace simply by strolling the highways and the byways in the course of their duties.

The Inspector barks at us to stand back, don't disturb the evidence, and we all shove closer, Bibs and Cherry right alongside each other, not room for a dime between them, and the Inspector adds up the dead, examines the lethal weapon, and allows it looks like foul play.

That's the signal for the six of us to break for the corner drugstore, where there are only three telephones with which to get Mr. Loogan into the first editions. But two of the six of us are left at the post.

The way fate works, it is pretty slick. Bibs wears a fur jacket. Cherry wears a trench coat which zips up the front. As the stampede starts, Cherry zips up his zipper, and zips a quantity of Bibs' fur in with him.

What Bibs then says to Cherry, what Cherry then says to Bibs, the first historic words of this fateful meeting, I don't know. It's just as well. When I'm back from the drugstore to where the Inspector is marking the spot with x's, Bibs and Cherry are in a slow-motion apache number trying to unzip.

They're swapping glares, eye to eye, and Cherry is beefing, "Well, quit pulling, will you? Kindly hold still for two seconds, please!" And Bibs is icing the air to the effect a man who can't keep his zipper to himself ought to go back to buttons.

"Have you two met?" I say. "Allow me. Miss Warring," I say, "Mr. Malone. Mr. Malone, Miss Warring."

In the end, we summon the Police Emergency Squad.

Cherry's zipper is beyond repair when the boys finish. A button is off Bibs' jacket. Both of them are sore. But they're not sore about the damage—they're sore they missed their first editions, even though the passing of the Loogans isn't worth anywhere near page one, with all the war news.

Cherry stamps out. To Bibs I say, "Well, darling, that's it, last of the legendary Malones, famed in song and story. Not bad, no?"

She steels the eyes. "Beautiful creature, isn't he?" she says, and the way she says it, it's a downright insult.

He does the honors like it's r
tine to be solemnizing m
riage in a typhoon or whate

BY DUNLEA HURLEY

The sparkling story of two hearts that tried to keep away from love

"Now, look," I say. "Can the guy help it, having a profile?"

"Well," she snaps, "the least he can do is keep it out of my way!"

On the street I catch up with Cherry. To Cherry I say, "Well, my bucko, that was it, the one and only Bibs, mad desire of both king and commoner alike. Dainty dish, yes?"

He flashes the teeth, but not in a smile. "Handsome specimen, isn't she," he says, and the way he says it, it's no compliment.

"Listen, pal," I say. "Can a female reporter help it if she happens to have a look?"

"Maybe not," he growls; "but I never met one yet that didn't dunce the job somehow."

Saturday night they're both at the Photographers' Ball. Cherry comes alone. Bibs achieves the same result by arriving with four guys.

I rescue Cherry from a noose of skirts. I pin him against the bar. I tell him, "Queer case, this Bibs. Most peculiar. Typewriter where the heart ought to be. Fed up on being such a looker. Thinks it's a handicap," Then I give it out, slow, with gestures. "She's scared stiff," I say, "that somebody is going to kidnap her for their lawful wedded wife and ruin the city-room career. Wouldn't marry for a million."

"Yeah?" says Cherry, cautious.

"Fact," I say. "Strangest thing you ever saw."

"H'm-m-m-m," he says. "The name is Babs Woolwick?"

"Bibs Warring," I say.

"H'm-m-m-m," he says. "Yes. Bibs Warring."

Later I pry Bibs out of a mob of cameramen wanting to pose her. I hide her in a corner and work it up easy. "Rare bird, this Cherry," I tell her. "Veins full of ink. Don't see much of those nowadays. Mad on himself for being a Barrymore. Figures it's an obstacle." Then I unfold it with care. "He's scared stiff," I say, "that some lovely is going to wrap him up in a vine-covered cottage and hog-tie the journalistic future. Wouldn't marry for a million."

"H'm-m-m-m," says Bibs, cautious. "Odd for a Maloney."

"The name," I say, "is Malone."

"Oh," says Bibs. "Malone. Yes."

They meet next on the shipyard strike. "Sorry about zipping you," he says.

"Well," she says, "accidents will happen."

And they find there is ever so much between them besides an anti-nuptial outlook. Neither one wants to write the great American novel, and both think the best yarn of the year was the exposé of the somewhat unfresh fish being peddled at the city market.

"Not a bad sort, this Warring," Cherry tells me confidentially. "No lace," he says. "No lavender. Stands firm and square on her own two feet."

"And a mighty pretty stance," I venture.

"Well, can she help it," he demands, "if it happens she was born without cauliflower ears? That's the trouble with guys like you," he says. "You figure a girl can't think if she doesn't wear tortoise-shell glasses."

At the Preparedness Day parade I get a load from Bibs. "Is it any fault of his," she demands, "that he grew up pretty? Can't a profile have a brain?" she demands.

I win the seven bucks in the office pool on their first date, drawing Thursday. Only, it's not a date. That is, either one of them can lick the party who says it is. They each have a yen to take in the same show the same night, that's all. So they sit in adjoining seats, that's all. Any harm?

They get to be best of buddies. He keeps calling her Warring. She calls him Malone.

But no sentiment, you understand. She reads everything he writes in the Daily and assures him it's ham. He never misses her in print and swears he never saw worse.

She scoops him sweetly on a hot angle of the post-office stick-up. He beats her to the inside explanation of an upstate plane crash. So it goes for forty working hours a week, and after hours they squander their leisure together panning each other to pieces, dreaming Pulitzer prizes, and having many a private laugh between them on romance and all that rot. They're the happiest couple of humans I know until the night I run into them at the Newswriters' Club.

On the big leather lounge by the entrance, they're managing to get as far away as two people can get on a lounge. She is doing the distraught act with a handkerchief. He is mangling an unlighted cigarette, dropping the pieces on the floor.

"The merry laughter," I say. "The sparkling wit and repartee. The fluffy banter. What for?"

So she tells me some. And he tells me some. And the situation is this: Their beautiful friendship has flown. Their idyl is over. They've gone and lapsed into this thing called love.

"All my fault," says Cherry, noble in the hour of bereavement.

"We're both to blame," says Bibs, brave in the great sorrow.

"It began that day at the county incinerator," he says. "I shouldn't have stuck up for you when those garbage haulers bawled you out."

"You looked so cute," she says, "when they threw you down the steps."

"It's been too good to last," says Cherry.

"Much," says Bibs.

"Well, kiddies," I say, restraining my tears with no visible effort, "it's tough," I say, "but that's life. Might as well," I say, "make the worst of it. Sooner you get it over with, the better.

"Tell you what I'll do," I say. "I'll drive you over the river and be witness. We can pick up a justice of the peace and—"

"Drive who over which river?" says Cherry, on his feet.

"To witness what?" says Bibs.

"Can't you be serious for once in your life?" says Cherry to me.

"This is good-by," says Bibs.

"Good-by," says Cherry to her.

And they shake hands, and he marches off, forgetting his hat.

"But, hey, now," I tell him next day on a downtown truck crash, "the gal's nuts for you," I tell him. "You can't go wreck her life like this."

"To the contrary," he says, "I'm saving it. She's got fire bells in her blood," he says. "She was never meant to ride herd on any man's house slippers."

And when I try to talk sense to her

at the Republican Women's tea, she just says, "Won't you ever grow up? Of course he's crazy for me. But don't you see it would ruin his news slant to have a personal window somewhere with a light waiting in it?"

The following morning I help Cherry pack. "Manila," he says, "or Vermont, or some place like that. Only decent thing to do."

That afternoon I sit on Bibs' trunk so she can get it closed. "If anybody asks for me," she says, "just tell them my grandmother took suddenly ill from green apples in Haiti. Or Nova Scotia."

She gets a leave of absence that night from the Press. He gets a leave of absence that night from the Daily. She sails secretly South to catch up on her forgetting. He sails secretly South with the same idea. To make it unanimous, I get a leave of absence and sail secretly South for the hell of it, while separately choosing the two of them the same cruise to Nassau.

I wait patiently at the bar. Second night out, the two of them enter from opposite directions. The two of them stop and stare. The two of them remark, "Well, I'll be—" The two of them order a highball for balance.

They ignore me.

"What's the idea," he says to her, "running out on the job when a red-hot grand jury session is due?" He's mad.

"You tell me," she says. She's frigid.

"That assignment would have made you!" he yells.

"I suppose," she says, "you couldn't have used a by-line like that yourself?"

EVEN the storm doesn't stop them. It hits fast and furious. It tips the boat this way and pulls it back that way and picks it up high and sets it down hard. Bibs and Cherry don't notice. Sailors appear, warning everybody to cabins. Bibs and Cherry skip it. They hang onto the furniture, calling names.

What a scene! I turn my back upon it only to hunt up the captain for a bulletin on what chance there is of seeing land again some day. I'm no panic-spreader, but if it's time to pray, I'd like to know.

I query the captain frankly. And he answers just as frank. And I rush back to Bibs and Cherry, wondering do I look as green as I ought to around the edges.

"Well, kiddies," I say—and I guess it's a pretty hoarse whisper. "Well, kiddies," I say, "it's been nice knowing you. It's a shame," I say, "that the ship's radio has gotten busted up at a time like this. And I'm sorry," I say, "I neglected to bring along my vest-pocket carrier pigeons. However," I say, "if you want to give the world a wow of an eyewitness account of how it looks to see yourself going down in the briny deep, all hands aboard, you might be able," I say, "to get a good lead off in an empty bottle, if you hurry. Properly tossed upon the waves," I say, "it ought to float to somewhere or other in time for next Labor Day's five-star finals."

Bibs looks at me. Cherry looks at me. And darned if they don't both reach for a pencil they haven't got. Force of habit, maybe. And Bibs says, very quietly, "Bad as that?" And I say, very quietly, "Not a chance in a million we'll ever see shore. That's official." And Cherry says, very quietly, "What about the lifeboats?"

"All swept away the first crack," I say. "And most of the life belts on this tub wouldn't hold up a pat of butter. Haven't been inspected in four years. That angle alone," I say, "would make a seven-day sensation. Hundreds Trapped in Faulty Life Belts! Washington Launches Sweeping Probe!"

"Cut it out," says Cherry kindly.

"Take it easy," says Bibs, patting my arm.

I guess they figure I'm hysterical.

"That sob story you did on the lost baby," says Cherry to her—"in case I never mentioned it," he says—"I never read a better weeper in my life."

"That gag story you built on the steeplejack with poison ivy," she says to him. "I clipped it out," she says, "and pasted it on the wall over my bed. I thought you'd like to know."

"If you two would care to see the captain," I say, "on a personal matter. I mean," I say, "now that there won't be any careers to mess up. I mean," I say, "it would be a knockout human-interest touch, wouldn't it?"

And Cherry looks at Bibs, and Bibs looks at Cherry, and I say, "Well, come on, then. I'll be your witness yet," I say, "or die in the attempt. Ha-ha!" I add, and we fight our way over the bucking boat to the captain.

HE'S waiting, as I have arranged, with his book in one hand and some kind of a seagoing instrument in the other. He bellows orders to sailors and does the honors like it's routine to be solemnizing marriage in the middle of a typhoon or whatever. Except he does it speedy.

He gives them the specified paternal grin when it's done, never letting on he figures they must be considerably balmy to want to wed in a storm at high sea for the fun of it, which is what I have told him is their life ambition.

And he says to them, "It will be a great pleasure to me if you'll sit at my table for dinner tomorrow." And that's the first clue Bibs and Cherry get that there's no danger of the boat going down, that there's nothing amiss with the life belts, that only one lifeboat was swept away, and, in fact, this storm is more what the captain calls a stiff blow than a regulation storm by all seagoing standards.

And if you think Mr. and Mrs. Cherry Malone aren't vexed with me when they discover the double cross, if you think they don't want to kick my teeth out, you're right. They aren't vexed at all, and my sly smirk stays intact.

She kisses me. Me! He hugs me. Him!

And he says, "Then the radio isn't out of commission?" And I say, "No." And he runs right out on the bride—no time for the customary fond embrace—scooping her by an edition with a radioed paragraph on their nuptials.

"The cad!" she says proudly.

On the honeymoon, she beats him to an interview with the Duchess of Windsor. Coming back, he beats her on a political blast from a senator aboard. Since then the contest has seesawed close. Their score stands fifty-fifty at present with the scoop she gets on the Cherry Malones infanticipating. Cherry is caught flat-footed on that one. First he hears of it is when he reads Winchell.

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz as follows:
0-5 correct .....Darkest hour
6-10 correct.....Came the dawn
11-15 correct .....High noon
16-20 correct .....Great day!

1—She rules more than 60,000,000, the only reigning queen of an empire. Who is she?

2—For whom was Pennsylvania named?

3—According to science, do people with high brows have more brains than "low-brows"?

4—It was moving day for one of America's largest industries recently, yet the office furnishings remained where they were. What was the industry and how was it moved?

5—What is the largest animal?

6—Lilies are frequently mentioned in the Bible. But are lilies as we know them native to the Holy Land?

7—Did all thirteen original colonies have to ratify the Constitution before it became law?

8—Why is Philadelphia known as the City of Brotherly Love?

9—A student at Wesleyan recently set a new mark for holding his breath. Was it 3, 5, 12, or 16 minutes?

10—What cloth has a direct reference to royalty in its name?

11—How many times has the Constitution been amended?

12—Does Easter Island get its name from any connection with Easter?

13—What are the "oilcans of the sea"?

14—Which was the last state to enter the Union? When?

15—Where is "Hell's Corner"?

16—What does a sailor mean by the "doldrums"?

17—What does OPM stand for?

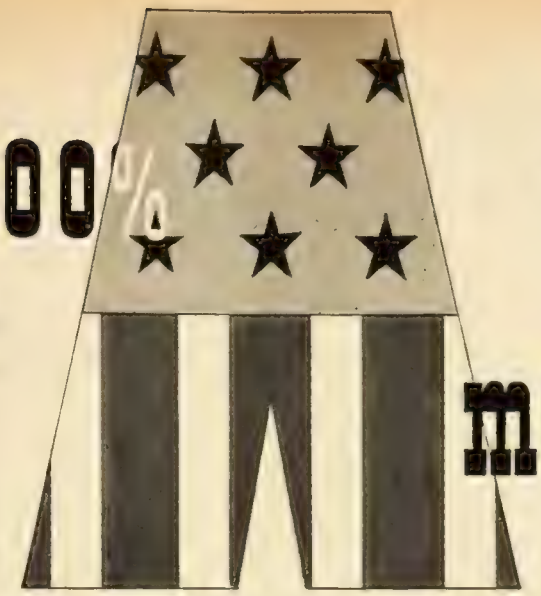
18—What noted actress continued playing, though she had lost a leg?

19—Who ran for Vice-President with Wendell Willkie in 1940?

20—What part in diplomacy did these lines by Longfellow recently play:
"Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"?

(*Answers will be found on page 46*)

What is 100% American?



BY CHANNING POLLOCK

An eminent observer weighs the facts

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WE were lunching in a restaurant in Mexico City, when a group of our countrymen occupied the adjoining table. They were loaded with bundles, exuberant and a little noisy. They made it clear to the waiter that they belonged to a very superior race—and then tipped him three times the usual amount. One of the men—a lanky chap with a booming voice—finally produced a letter from his office, and spent the rest of the meal discussing bigger and better profits.

"One hundred per cent American!" I whispered to my wife, with the note of amusement that has attached itself to the phrase.

Several days later we encountered the lanky man in a crowded train en route to St. Louis. He was traveling alone, and had the car's only drawing room. Opposite us sat a young mother with a sickly baby. At a way station our friend got out and returned with oranges and a native toy for the child. Then he began chatting with its mother, without a trace of flirtatiousness but in the helpful and protective tone of a big brother. He carried the baby into the restaurant car for dinner, and when we returned from our meal he was climbing into the upper berth opposite, having surrendered his own room to the burdened woman. My wife smiled.

"One hundred per cent American!" she said.

It was, too. So is the sense of humor, and the innate modesty that, in the United States, quickly gives to a boastful phrase the connotation of derision or ridicule. Many of us remember when there was no higher praise than "100 per cent American." Then, suddenly, it fell of its own weight. Sinclair Lewis began his penetrating studies of our populace, and Babbitt became our idea of the "100-per-cent American." It escaped us, I think, that even Babbitt had many characteristics of which we have reason to be proud, and perhaps few of us followed Booth Tarkington's suggestion, in The Plutocrat, that this mixture of the absurd and the admirable has been common to all builders of empire. Riding comfortably through Texas, a new empire won with the muskets and developed with the spades and plowshares of men as peculiar to our land as its Babbitts *or* Plutocrats, I wondered whether the time hadn't come to re-examine and revalue 100-per-cent Americanism.

One doesn't knock about the world half a century, as I have done, without realizing that no race has a monopoly on good or bad traits. Except under very special conditions, most people are kind and courageous, and as generous and honest as their circumstances permit. What, then, were the manifestations in our compatriot that my wife and I identified as national? Perhaps the answer is "a certain childlike quality." We are a Peter Pan people who have never grown up. We have the exuberance of youth, its imagination and enterprise, and much of its innocence and simplicity and ingenuousness.

Any European might have been as interested in bigger and better profits as our neighbors in the Mexican restaurant; it's nonsense to suppose that they care less for shillings or francs than we do for dollars. The driving force that permits no let-up for meals or social diversion, and the adolescent spirit of "never mind who knows it"—these are native. The surrendered drawing room might have been English or French; the toy and the oranges and the big-brother attitude are American.

There are more important traits that, without chauvinism, may be set down as 100-per-cent American. First, it seems to me that, as a tribe, we are almost uniquely honest. That doesn't mean that we are without guile or craft, or that some of our smaller merchants have been above putting sand in the sugar; but "fixed prices" stay fixed in our shops. We don't have to examine our bills very carefully, or the goods we buy under specific representation.

The American Way—if you'll pardon my saying so—is the Big Way. We don't measure the candles in hotel rooms in order to charge for the half-inch burned, and we'd rather pay ten dollars for an air trip with dinner thrown in—literally, sometimes—than five dollars, plus a dollar for the meal, and two pages of other extras.

There is a type of courage that, if not exclusively American, is certainly characteristic of our race. I'm thinking now of the unarmed citizen in California who looked at the pistol pointed at him by a kidnaper, and then waded in, with results rather permanently painful to the outlaw. There is a kind of generosity and hospitality that are American, too. We probably have more dinner parties to the square inch of territory than any other nation on earth, and more week-end guests than all the hotels in Europe. Any time, anywhere, we are the original "check hounds"; no one can pay the bill while we are around, and, to do 'em justice, few other nationals try.

A certain human warmth that lies in our souls seems to me 100-per-cent American—a considerateness to animals and underlings and chance acquaintances. We *like* people. We are friendly to them not because politeness is a virtue but because friendliness is in our nature. Above all, I think, we are distinguished by a certain practical common sense, a certain dogged persistence, a very special efficiency and insistence that things work. Our gadgets function, our elevators continue to elevate.

I hope these few remarks don't sound too, too flag-waving; they really began as an honest inquiry. I'm not sure I know the answer yet. It's hard to define a phrase that takes in people as different as the homespun Abraham Lincoln and the aristocratic Thomas Jefferson and Robert E. Lee; Sam Houston and Davy Crockett and Joseph Choate and Justice Holmes; Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain and Will Rogers and Theodore Roosevelt; and the Babbitts and Plutocrats who gave the world electric lights and harvesters and automobiles, and—however we may smile at the term—a world-wide admiration and respect for what is really 100-per-cent American.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 39 SECONDS

I'M as proud of my uniform as the next man, but I'm here to state that the regular soldier is the poorest paid of any class of workers in the country. People who are unable to earn a living and are forced to go on relief make as much as the average enlisted man in the service today. I'm a corporal doing duty as a platoon sergeant and I expect to get the permanent rating soon. Even then I'll make only $66 a month. Compare the pay of any regular soldier with that of a civilian on the same level, and then try to tell me the regular is getting a fair wage scale.

Five-Year Regular,
Fort Belvoir, Va.

The same mail that brought your letter, corporal (and I hope you get that third stripe soon), brought another that I'm going to use to answer you. Here it is, below:

I am in the Signal Corps for a three-year hitch. I get three good square meals a day; I have a spring cot with sheets, pillowcase, blankets, and comforter; I have $100 worth of army clothes free of charge; and I get $30 a month cash. Without a doubt, if I were to deduct all the living expenses from my former civilian salary I would have far less than the cash which I receive here. And I had a good job as a teletype operator with Postal Telegraph in New York City. I am glad I joined the Army and I'm proud to be one of the boys.

Private K. S. A.,
Fort Devens, Mass.

Thanks, private, for answering the corporal. Every man is entitled to express his views, and you both are helping to defend the freedom of speech which is one of the things really worth fighting for.

I was recently called before my local draft board for classification and was put in III-A because my wife was entirely dependent upon me for support. Since then she has received a small legacy, so that she has an income. Must I report this to my board and does it affect my status?

R. C., Los Angeles, Calif.

Yes, according to the regulations, no classification is permanent and the deferment of any registrant is subject to termination whenever the basis for such deferment ceases to exist. Also, you are required by law to notify your local board of any change in your status which would require your reclassification. After you do so your case will be decided on its merits.

There's a sore spot in the mind of of every Texas boy. Did you know that the State of Texas treats its citizens in service like convicts by not letting them vote in any election?

Sergeant, Camp Bowie,
Brownwood, Tex.

No, I didn't know that . . . and I don't believe it. The Selective Service Act states: "Any person inducted into the land or naval forces for training and service under this Act shall, during the period of such training and service, be permitted to vote in person or by absentee ballot in any general, special, or primary election occurring in the State of which he is a resident, whether he is within or outside of such State at the time of such election, if under the laws of such State he is entitled so to vote in such election. . . ." You can't get around that, and Texas was a state, the last I heard.

I'm going to be called up soon, and I'd like to get as much advance dope on the Army as I can—nothing technical, but something that will give me the plain facts, answer the questions that must occur to every inducted man, and send me off to a slight head start over the other guys.

J. C. F.,
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Glad to help you and a lot of other men with the same idea. Two little books written for just this purpose: Your Year in the Army, by Major John D. Kenderdine, published by Simon & Schuster, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York (costs $1); and The Army Way, by Philip Wylie and William W. Muir, published by Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Avenue, New York (costs 75 cents). There is also the War Department's official Soldier's Handbook, which is distributed free to every officer and enlisted man but may be purchased by civilians for 35 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Thanks to the men who have sent me copies of their post newspapers. All swell jobs and I'd like to list them by name, but there are too many.

I have been having trouble getting mail through to various camps and three letters have been returned to me undelivered. Why are the post offices at the camps so lax? Of course it may be that certain information is necessary before the mail can be delivered. If so, what is the correct way to address such letters?

S. H. D., Denver, Colo.

Don't blame the Army for this situation. The Army Postal Service is doing the best possible job with the boys' mail, but they're not mind readers. Especially in the larger camps there are hundreds of Smiths and Joneses and Kellys, and the army can't deliver the mail when letters are improperly addressed. Full names should be used, plus the company, regiment, camp, city, and state. For example: Private John Brown Doe, Company B, 71st Infantry, Fort Dix, New Jersey.

OLD SARGE: "Son, if you keep up that wine, woman, and song racket, like you been doin', you'll end up in the stockade or we'll be blowin' taps over you."

ROOKIE: "O. K., you jealous old man; if it's that serious I'll quit singin'." *"First Call,"*
44th Division, Fort Dix, N. J.

"We designed it to scare the enemy, sarge!"

Actual color photograph — Tom Smothers inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before axing

"It's lighter, Lucy— Luckies pay more for this milder leaf!"

says Tom Smothers, tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville, N. C.

"I've got a ringside seat at the tobacco auctions — and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. Knowing this, I smoke Luckies myself, and so do most other independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

As everybody knows, you get what you pay for . . . and Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

With men who know tobacco best — It's Luckies 2 to 1

America's
Most Distinguished
Beer
SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER
MADE MILWAUKEE FA

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT BEER?

Beer begins when seed is sown . . . in the springtime. For beer is essentially a liquid version of the golden, grainy goodness of plump, rich barley. You see, barley is made into malt, and malt is the principal ingredient of beer.

Because malt is so important to beer, Schlitz insists on selecting and buying the barley from which it makes its own malt. It is one of the few brewers who does. That's why the Schlitz grain buyers are on the job from the moment the barley is planted 'til it's harvested. They know the soil, they study the climate, they watch the weather. They could write a biography of each of the millions of bushels they buy annually.

Barley is hard to get to know. The University of Wisconsin, for example, has collected over 3,000 varieties . . . very few of which will make good beer. Moreover, only the top grades of *these* particular strains possess the virtues that make *perfect beer.*

Even choice barley must pass many exacting tests if the beer is to be perfect. Its shell, for instance, must be just so thick . . . its protein content must be within specified limits (too much and the beer will be unstable; too little and it will lack body). But even perfect barley won't make perfect malt unless it has been aged. The huge Schlitz grain elevators where this exceptional barley is stored and mellowed are a "must" sight in Milwaukee. Working with the finest ingredients the world affords, the mature genius of the famed Schlitz Brewmasters achieves that famous flavor that has set Schlitz apart from all other beers.

The best way for you to discover what this care means, what this special Schlitz skill does for beer, is to pour yourself a glass. Only after you've done that can you know how gloriously good beer *can be,* and why more and more millions of Americans are changing to Schlitz.

Liberty Presents Quiz No. 4 on THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN!

THE editors of Liberty Magazine believe that the history of a flag that represents as much of human progress as the flag of the United States symbolizes should be a great deal better understood than it is. They believe that the average reader will be amazed and delighted with the historical evolution of our flag once it is brought to his or her attention. That is the reason for this contest. That is the reason we again urge every reader who has not already started an entry to begin directly from this page. As an added incentive a cash prize fund amounting to $2,000 has been set up to reward those who construct the best sets of answers to the quiz questions. Your chance to claim a share is still excellent if you do not delay.

Enough technical and ceremonial questions are included in the thirteen weeks of the quiz to give every contestant a basic knowledge of terms and observances in connection with the flag.

In competing, please observe the brief Rules carefully. They are established for the protection of every competitor and must be adhered to in order to ensure complete fairness to all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honorable place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

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Gain a Wealth of Patriotic Information While Winning One of These Awards!

First Prize	$ 500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Fourth Prize	50
Five Prizes, Each $10	50
210 Prizes, Each $5	1,050
Total, 219 Prizes	$2,000

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who will enter the competition from this page and for any reason do not have the first three quizzes at hand, reprints have been prepared. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive the reprints you can bring your entry even with the field. In the meantime watch for Quiz No. 5 in Liberty dated May 17, on sale May 7.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 4

Two crosses of saints in its canton were flown,
Where red and white stripes to the winds far were blown,
In emblem of freedom and justice and right—
Equality's standard 'gainst power of might—
Where honored old Harvard upraised her proud head,
Whence learning was broadcast and liberty bred.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. A rattlesnake device upon a colonial North American flag indicates that the flag upon which it appears originated in what general geographical area?
3. A pine tree device upon a colonial North American flag indicates that the flag upon which it appears originated in what general geographical area?
4. In saluting the flag, what is the proper position for a woman?
5. Outline briefly the procedure of displaying the flag from a staff on Memorial Day.

A 1941 DOCUMENT ABOUT LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

"But with a naturalist, say, who knows all about the birds and things—"

The Unobstructed Universe

Illustrator Norman Robard

A record of rational, realistic evidence confronts an ageless question of mankind

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Much of last week's installment of Betty's "divulgence" through Joan as recorded by Mr. White had to do with the higher mechanics of her "unobstructed universe" as compared with those of the "obstructed" one known to mortals. He quoted her as declaring that, to a bright youngster at any earthly electric-research laboratory, "it would mean something when I said that radio beams, electricity, light" are degree manifestations of one reality, whose highest manifestation "of which you are aware" is consciousness. Also that Invisibles who in earthly life were physicists tell her that matter, in both universes, "is a question of frequency." Invisibles "can see into the future as far as intent goes," though not the full, definite course and shape of the future event itself. Joan was quoted as reporting, in trance, her impressions of the unobstructed universe.

PART FOUR— THE HELL OF VAIN REGRETS

UNTIL a few years ago air was an obstruction to man," said Betty. "He could not go through it except on the surface of the earth. Now you have eliminated that obstruction. Gradually, through your science, you are controlling more and more obstructions. You are reaching up into my universe. By means of extending your understanding and use of the law."

"Frequency implies a time element as well as a space element," said she on another occasion. "Naturally, it has to have space to move in; and if you call it 'frequent' it must be occurring again and again, and that requires time.

"You have granted you can handle your space to a certain extent. We handle space psychologically instead of materially.

"Now suppose I tell you what I do. I want to go home and see if the leaves are raked up in my garden." Ensued a pause. "All right; I have been home, and I am here again. You have part of the mechanism I have in controlling space—the wish, the desire, the will."

"But we have to overcome actual obstruction, and you don't?" I objected.

"We have, in a way, to overcome the same thing she overcomes—our own concept of time and space; and the reason we have to have mechanical means is because we have to overcome a certain conception of time and space," interposed Darby.

"You have overcome your conception by means of such things as radio," supplied Betty. "But you also have obstruction; and obstruction must be overcome mechanically. Ours is an unobstructed universe; we have no need of mechanics.

"Never," she warned emphatically, "question the reality of time, space, and motion. They *are*. The reality of time, space, and motion is in the entire universe. The essence of them in the qualitative universe is free, or unobstructed; and in the quantitative universe they are obstructed, for the purposes of individuality. But they are no less actual, and the essence is no less present. Your recognition of a psychological time, a psychological space, and a psychological motion extends over into my reality."

"You say," interposed Darby, "that I cannot become aware of your world because my personal frequency cannot be stepped up to that

point. But another time you told us that there are certain personal frequencies here on earth that are actually higher than the lowest personal frequencies there with you. There's a discrepancy in idea there."

"Not really," returned Betty. "It is a question of *degree* of consciousness rather than of frequency. Your degree may be as high as mine, but your frequency is arrested, held static—as is your quality—in the obstructed universe. It is arrested by your earth-body frequency. The I-Am frequency is much higher than the earth-body frequency. Yet the two are combined in the obstructed universe for the purpose of individualization."

"Now," said Darby, "here's another thing that occurs to me. When all obstruction is removed, there's a lot emptied out. My typical day, for instance, is occupied with handling obstructions. I'm largely engaged in overcoming resistances. I get out of bed, and from then until I go to bed again fully eighty per cent of my time is occupied in moving matter, in one way or another. You don't have to do that. You have eighty per cent more time to fill up. If I had eighty per cent more time, I simply would not know what to do with it. You had a lot to fill up when they emptied out for you the content of your human senses."

"Emptied out the content of my human senses!" Betty repeated the phrase. "That just isn't true! We bring them with us, only intensified."

Darby still indicated that something must be done about that extra eighty per cent of leisure.

"Would it mean anything," suggested Betty, "if I said we fill up the gap caused by the lifting of obstructions by means of our increased *acuteness* of perception? Our range of registration is so much wider."

"I think I see it," I ventured. "If you take a two-hour walk in the country with a dull person, totally uninterested in nature, it seems forever; but with a naturalist, say, who knows all about the birds and pretty flowers and things, those two hours—"

"That's it!" cried Betty.

ONE of us propounded the question that some one invariably asks—about life on the other planets or elsewhere in the physical cosmos.

"What I have been told," Betty replied, "is that there are other degrees of consciousness on other planets—on the other solar planets—but not quite comparable to man. They are borning places like earth for other types of consciousness, but what their degrees are I don't know."

It seemed to me it ought to be simple for her just to go and find out. Hadn't she command of space? But apparently that did not work.

"It has to do with frequency. It would seem possible for me to visit the sun, but I am not ready to do so because my degree of frequency is not yet suitable."

"Well, how about tackling the planets, then?" I suggested.

"I think that has to do with light," she said doubtfully; "I know it has to do with coldness, with that frequency. I go beyond your frequency in sight and sound and obstruction, but I am still close to you, comparatively."

"You've talked so much," I said to her, "about your high-wide-and-handsome manipulation of space and time, in contrast to our hampered state of existence, that you are apt to discourage the average man here so he'll be inclined not to bother any more. He'd rather just sit down and wait. I don't believe that is the effect you desire."

IT certainly was not. Betty applied herself very seriously to getting rid of that possibility of misconception. What is the earth for? Certainly not a mere waiting room. And certainly, if willfully we use it as such, we shall not become an easily and pleasantly functioning part of her unobstructed universe. If we want to keep really attractive that picture she had drawn, we must earn the privilege. We have responsibility.

"We all know," she declared, "that, in ordinary living, rightness does have a certain reward, and that there are penalties for the breaking of any law. In the greatest actuality—consciousness, of which each of us is a part—that is the truest of all. Consciousness is in evolution. There is no way an individual bit of I-Am can stop it. Each bit has to grow sometime: it has to keep up with the evolutional law. Consequently, the more quantity one attains in the obstructed universe, the more beautifully he will be able to go on in the unobstructed universe. Indeed, just that accumulation of quantity is the reason a long life is desirable. That is why we have to look on suicide as cowardice.

"Too great stress cannot be placed on the responsibility of the individual, not only in connection with the whole, but especially in connection with his own I-Am."

"Quite true," I agreed. "But if you could tell, concretely, what's going to happen to the fellow who lies down on his job, you'd be getting somewhere. There's considerable virtue in this hell idea as an influence."

"Free will creates its own hell with the widening of the arc of understanding," said Betty. "No person of any sensitivity at all lives in the obstructed universe without having acquired, by maturity, some regrets, either slight or deep, though generally those regrets come only momentarily, in flashes. However, they should make it perfectly possible for any one to understand the acme of regret that is the portion of the individual coming to this place of perfect understanding who has either shirked or passed by his earth opportunities.

"There is a very definite reality in 'hell' and 'purgatory'—not precisely as the theologians have it, perhaps, but a reality. But no one comes to the perfect understanding without the necessity of a time of readjustment, and wishing he had done differently, and a girding of his loins for going on in the evolutional process which he cannot escape, and does not want to escape, because it is the law. So it is ever good to pray for the easier girding of the loins, at least, of those who have gone on into the perfect understanding. Why? Because the universe is one. You pray for us: we pray for you. You can be, in a sense, our guardian angels, as we are yours."

"Well," said Darby, "take a man who does all sorts of wrong on earth. How does he get by so easily over there? How does he so soon get control, and so readily?"

"The answer is, he doesn't; he can't. That's his hell."

"Then actual unhappiness does exist on your side, in certain cases? It must," reasoned Darby.

"You see, consciousness is its own judge. So there must be individual unhappiness—until that consciousness is appeased."

THAT, she explained further, is one of the great differences between her state and ours. A fundamental in her state—whether of saint or sinner—is a tremendous urge to go on. Some of us here lack that; others can ignore or smother it. That is impossible in her world.

Darby returned to the original topic. "In the obstructed universe there are material values that can be obtained by stealth and cunning," he propounded, "and if a man gets away with it he has at least the satisfaction of actual possession. In the unobstructed universe there are no such values. Appreciation of that fact is part of the quick illumination of those who go over there? Here's a fellow who robs some other person on earth. He goes there. He is quickly illuminated. Now, what restitution can he make to the man he robbed, still on earth?"

"Sometimes he can make restitution. But more frequently he cannot. I know such a man, and he spends his entire existence futilely trying to rectify, in the obstructed universe, a mistake he made there. In consequence, he was not only retarded when he came but he is continuing to retard himself."

"Suppose both the wronger and the wronged are now in the unobstructed universe?" asked Darby.

"That is a happier circumstance. That is where the 'seventy times seven' forgiveness thing comes true. They both understand: they both are free."

Betty had scant patience even with those who piously and consciously devote themselves to "service," if by so doing they leave their own back yards cluttered.

"When you make a cult out of service," said she, "you have elim-

(*Continued on page 40*)

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"

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(*Continued from page 38*)

inated service and created nothing but egoistic satisfaction. And egoistic satisfaction is a straight road to self-adulation, and that leads to attempted dictatorship.

"The simplicities of truth have been for too long overshadowed by dealistic thinking. That type of thing establishes vested interests for itself, and then rationalizes and propagandizes for the sake of protecting them. I am not denying your democracy. Nor education, nor charity. I am urging them. But I am also urging a recognition of the inevitable and undeviating laws of consciousness, an acceptance of them, and a responsibility to and for them.

"You 'can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear'; but a sow's ear is of itself a very beautiful and soft thing. Your idealistic thinking has run along the line of trying to force what *you* consider growth on all degrees of consciousness.

"Now I submit, Darby, that that man who was here tonight [a mechanic, called in to make household repairs] is gathering more quantity unto himself by going his own free-willed way according to his degree of quality than if he had permitted you to force on him the reading of books he could not understand, the possession of things he could not afford, or attendance at the opera. There has been too much holier-than-thou stuff, and not enough recognition of the genuine adequacy of growth.

"Socially, democracy is the closest thing to real evolution. And whose fault is it that it seems to be falling down? It is the fault of the higher degrees of quality, because they have become so taken up with their own creations—their golden calf—that they have shirked their responsibility.

"You are your 'brother's keepers'; and that goes for high, low, and in-between alike. No man—*no* man, be he born with great or small quality—his individual potential ability—can get away from this fact."

NOW," Darby reverted, "take the person who has fostered or allowed in himself a gradual growth or accumulation of petty griefs, envies, angers, intolerances toward his associates, amounting finally to a complex that actually makes a character. How is that resolved in the unobstructed universe?"

"Those are the negatives that must be eradicated in 'purgatory,' if you want to call it that. Such a person must come to a complete understanding, complete selflessness, complete love. *And by his own effort.* Except it might be made a little easier, as we here help each other.

"It is only the emotional things that really count. If people are big enough to live right emotionally, the concrete things can be overridden. Because—and I want you all to get this—because *nothing that happens to an individual is as important as what that individual thinks about it.*"

Occasionally, after a period of good hard work, Betty was willing to indulge our curiosities a little.

"How about dogs? Have you got dogs in your world?" I asked.

"Of course I have my dogs, and I love them," she replied.

"Then they continue on individually, as you do? As dogs, I mean."

"The individual is immortal. He or it brings back to its degree its accumulation of quantity, thus raising the degree level. Too bad if, when the degree level is raised high enough to require a new form, there should be no more dogs born!"

"Well, some dogs have been over there so long they ought to show the effects of change, if there is any. How about Moses' and Aaron's dogs?" asked Darby.

Betty chuckled. "Why, I don't even know where Moses and Aaron are!" said she.

WE were talking about the continuity and persistence of the individual," said Betty at the next session. "It's an old story that all religions that survive have glimpses of fundamental truth which through the years become distorted into dogma. One such glimpse is purgatory. The conventional purgatory does not exist. What does exist is the life immediately beyond death on your plane. During this particular life—my present life—there is very little difference or change. My present phase of life, just as yours, is not my last phase. I shall go on again; I shall evolute; and I shall do it as an individual.

"You have been thinking about the persistence of the individual through all eternity in all its degrees; and you were talking about personality, and the difference between the two. Personality is not a strong enough word for my side of the wall. Mere personality can linger and remain potent in your obstructed universe even after the individual has passed to my plane. The personalities of Napoleon, Henry VIII, Plato, Caesar, Confucius, Lincoln—and thousands of others—have remained in the world and in the minds of men.

"The lowest degrees of consciousness come back to our plane without much individualization. The thing that does persist individually is that type of consciousness that on your plane has acquired volitional reasoning. Only the volitional reasoning creature comes back to its degree as an individual. An amoeba does not come back as an individual. It hasn't the volitional reasoning power, and is absorbed into its degree. The amoeba has its degree here, and it has its purpose, but it is not individually immortal, the way I am. For that you have to get closer to the man degree. Dogs—my dogs are here—do have fairly high development of volitional reasoning.

"As for me, when I shall go on into my next life I do not know. They tell me it will be something comparable but not quite as I know it here.

When they say to me that I am going to experience further transitions but that I am only going to experience something familiar to my being, I believe what I am told. There is an ultimate or supreme degree of consciousness.

"I know there are degrees of consciousness of which I know only a little more than you know about me. I know that for an ungraspably infinite period the individual man will go on as an individual." . . .

"We do creative things here," she told us. "There is not much original genius on your side; sometimes there is, but more often what you call genius is a dipping into what individuals here accomplish. Great artists as a rule are also great psychics. Scientists work on what you call scientific discovery, and are subject to sudden solutions of their problems. As in sleep."

"Can you get at us better in our sleep?" one of us asked.

Sometimes, Betty agreed. "Just as, in this communication, I use the released subconscious of this station, and its storehouse, to produce my message, so in your sleep—to an extent—is your subconscious released. And sometimes the impingement of our ideas is actuated in the same fashion—in sleep—by the stirring of a subconscious memory. Frequently dreams, stripped of their emotional content, are a direct contact with the unobstructed universe and with an idea being promulgated here.

"And do not think for one moment that high, low, and in-between do not at times tap the infinity of our thought."

This installment of The Unobstructed Universe is an excerpt from the book of the same name published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and copyrighted by Stewart Edward White.

What, from an "unobstructed" viewpoint, is the true nature of bodily sickness among mortals? How do the obstructed and the unobstructed universe compare with man's traditional conception of earth and heaven? How does Betty's "divulgence" account for the "present catastrophe in Europe"? Enthralling questions!—to be answered in Mr. White's concluding report in Liberty next week.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His "Book Tip" will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

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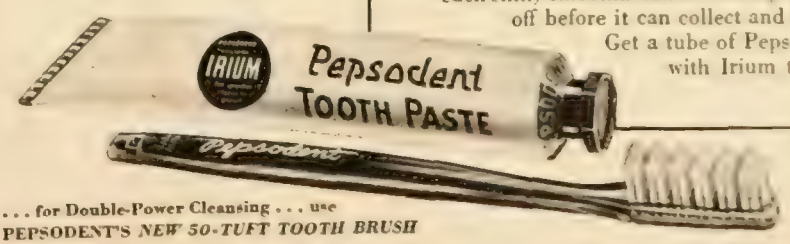

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READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LILI KETTRIDGE, left wealthy at the death of her grandmother, shocks the town of Croton by the parties she gives. She is alone in the world. Her father, Shelley, an artist, lives in Arizona with his second wife; her mother is in England. The only person about whose good opinion she cares is Peter Higgins. They are in love, but Peter's finances—he is working his way through law school and supporting a small orphaned niece—prevent their marrying.

Peter does not approve of Lili's gay and reckless friends, Magda Manning and Horace Rumford. She promises him that she will not see Horry again. Then one night she hears that Magda, with whom Horace is in love, has married the rich Bugs Dourbon and, knowing how despondent Horace will be, she breaks her word and goes to see him. She discovers that he has tried to commit suicide, and takes him to a Croton hospital and registers him under the name of Mulligan.

The next morning she and Peter go to the airport to meet her mother, who is arriving on the Clipper. Immediately reporters surround Lili, asking why she put Horace Rumford in the hospital under a false name, and why he tried to kill himself. Mrs. Kettridge, stepping off the plane, sizes up the situation and announces that Horace is Lili's fiancé. Peter strides away.

To save Lili's good name, Mrs. Kettridge insists on carrying through the farce. The engagement is announced. There are showers, wedding plans. Lili sees little of Peter, although he has taken a job as tennis pro at the Country Club for the summer. She begins to believe that it may, after all, be a good idea to marry Horry. The only person who seems to disapprove is Sawyer, her grandmother's old servant.

One morning she goes to the club and hears that Peter has left—been fired, so the story goes, because of a scandal involving a woman. She drives to Peter's boardinghouse, and sees her mother and Peter emerge. Mrs. Kettridge, still in last night's evening clothes, gets into her car with Peter. Lili follows them to the station, where her mother takes a train for New York.

PART SIX—A RUNAWAY IN THE NIGHT

SHE drove aimlessly, turning into back roads, looking for a place quiet, deserted enough, to park and think. It was an intense shock to find herself in front of the unoccupied new house where Peter had carried her the day she had fallen from her horse. She stared at it with dull eyes, then angrily put her car into gear and headed for home.

As she wheeled into the driveway, Old Sawyer approached her.

"Young Higgins brought your ma's car back," he said. "He's in on the sun porch and wants to talk to you."

"I don't want to talk to Mr. Higgins," Lili said with superb finality.

"Holy snakes!" said Old Sawyer. "Don't use your ma's tone of voice on me. What's the matter with Mr. Higgins?"

"Nothing you can see with the naked eye," Lili snapped. "Just get him out of the house as quickly as you can, and keep him out."

"He's bigger than I am," Old Sawyer shrugged.

Lili scrambled out of her car, slammed the door, and turned her back on Old Sawyer. She headed directly for the grape arbor—that refuge where so often in her childhood she had gone to weep. This time she wasn't weeping. She felt only profound desolation, disillusionment. Only now—and it poisoned her with self-reproach—she also felt curiosity and a hovering interest that Peter had come to see her.

When she heard Peter's footsteps, she swung around, more angry with herself than with him.

"Didn't Sawyer tell you to leave at once?" she flared. "Didn't he tell you I didn't want to talk to you?"

The wind was blowing fiercely as she hurried toward Peter.

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Twilight Cheats, etc.

Footloose!

"But why?" Peter said; and she stepped back, appalled that he could play so innocent.

"You ask me why!"

"Just because of things you have heard at the club?" Peter insisted. "I didn't think you would be like that, Lili."

He entered the arbor, and once more she drew away from him, stepping back until she was pressed against the latticework.

"No, Peter—no; not because of things I have heard at the club. I heard *that* early this morning—and then I drove over to your house just to tell you"—she gulped, and went on only with great difficulty—"just to tell you that I didn't believe such stories. I was near your house when you—and mother came out."

Peter's whole body seemed to slump. He whistled softly.

"Judas!" he said. "Why did that have to happen? Nobody else in town knows, I am sure, who it was."

"How could they help but know, with her car parked outside your cottage all night?"

"But it wasn't," he said. "I just brought it around in time for the train. Listen, Lili, I can explain this to you. I didn't want to tell you any of it."

"Naturally," she said, and folded her arms across her chest and squeezed herself so tight that she showed no sign of trembling. "Naturally. And I don't want to hear it. I'll get the official version when mother finally calls me up from New York."

He caught hold of her arm roughly, and his face was so angry that she was frightened.

"All right," he said, "all right. If you want to believe a lot of rotten things like that, go ahead. I always thought you had some pretty raw ideas, Lili—you and your whole crowd."

"Don't talk to me about my crowd," Lili blazed. "You're no better than they are. And don't talk to me about raw ideas. I just happen to have been brought up on facts. My mother was a scandal when I was just learning to prattle. She doesn't

Illustrated by Edwin Henry

Swift, sudden drama strikes and strikes again in a vivid novel of a girl's bewildered heart

shock me any more—but you do!"

She knew an instant before he struck her—just an instant—that he was going to. She felt for a moment that the swing of his palm against her cheek would knock her through the arbor; but she did not make a sound, even after he had turned and walked off. She was too stunned to put her hand up to her cheek. After a little while she went down to the brook, not caring how the brambles tore at her dress. She bent and bathed her face feverishly, and the comfort of the cool clear water brought the tears. She was still there when Old Sawyer's voice called her to tell her that her mother was on the telephone. He was plainly disturbed when she walked into the house. Evidently he knew what the mark on her cheek meant. But he said nothing and went into the kitchen.

She started up the stairs when Peter's voice stopped her.

"That's your mother calling," he said.

She didn't turn. She didn't want him to see the condition of her face.

"Lili, may I listen in down here?"

"Do as you please," she said. "It's nothing to me."

Up in the bedroom, she listened to her mother's high shrill babble, with her own heart beating triple action.

"Sorry, baby, not to have phoned you before, but I slept late. I had people to see on business last night when I got into town. I have a great deal to do. I'll probably be here a couple of days. . . . What's that? What's the matter, Lili?"

"Nothing's the matter," Lili managed. "Shall I forward your mail?"

"Oh, no. Keep it. Tell me, what did you do with my guests?"

"I put them on the first train this morning."

"Which train?"

Ah, the sudden quick guilty question!

"The eight o'clock," Lili said calmly.

"Oh. The poor darlings! I must call them. How on earth did you do it so early?"

"Well, they knew you had gone to town, and I said I had to go in, too."

And so it went on, for Lillian Kettridge could talk longer on the telephone than almost any other living person; and when Lili hung up she stared at the instrument and wondered.

She got up slowly and lit a cigarette. She was not at all surprised when she heard a knock on her bedroom door. She walked over to it slowly and said:

"Peter, I don't want to talk to you."

His voice came back, filled with that kind of masculine patience that there is no use bucking:

"Lili, I have got to talk to you. I'll talk to you through the locked door if you want me to. But I have a few things to say to you and I'm going to say them."

She bent over and unlocked the door, but she didn't open it. She walked over and settled herself on her chaise longue.

Peter came in, and, to her amazement, he knelt down beside her. He reached up his hands and took her face between his palms.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You had it coming to you, but I'm sorry I gave it to you."

Her eyes filled with tears, but she pulled away from him.

"Is that what you had to say, Peter?"

He stood up, plainly alienated by her tone and manner. He walked over to the window and stood with his back turned.

"That's only one of the things," he said. "I want to tell you about last night."

"You needn't," she answered. "I told you I'd get the official version from mother. I'm glad you heard it too."

She waited, but Peter made no reply. The silence made her feel guilty, and she said, "Why should she want to lie to me like that?"

Still he was silent, and Lili leaned forward, sucking the air through her teeth, and doused her cigarette angrily.

"All right, all right," she mumbled petulantly. "I can't figure it out, and I don't think I care. If she wanted to put you in bad with me, surely she would be glad to tell me about it. Or is she just waiting for me to hear about it from some other source?"

The continued silence made her feel a little on the hysterical side; she must sound like a high-strung fool.

"Anyway," she murmured—and leaned back with an effort to be calm—"that's mother. It's mother all over. I know her backwards and forwards, and she has her swell side; but I hope too much of her blood doesn't run through my veins."

Then Peter turned, his blue eyes narrowed on her, and his gaze made her flinch.

"I hope too much of it doesn't," he said. "And now, if you'll sit back and shut up, I would like to tell you what happened and get on my way."

"Don't let me keep you," said Lili, with a fling of her hand.

"I said shut up," Peter repeated quietly.

"O. K., go ahead, and make it good."

"I can't make it any worse than it was," Peter said, and stood very quietly in that familiar posture, both hands in his pockets, his feet wide apart, his head a little to one side as he spoke.

"To be truthful, Lili, I had very little respect for your mother when I first met her. Maybe it was all the things that Shelley used to tell me about her back West. But I found out last night that, for a brainless and heartless woman, she has enough sense *and* sentiment to do for three women."

YOU have had so much experience this summer," Lili smiled, "that maybe you ought to know."

"I'll let that crack pass, but I *ought* to know," he answered, "because I saw your mother at the breaking point last night—and all because of your father."

Lili sat forward, frowning. She couldn't know how pathetically amusing she looked, her tennis dress torn from the brambles, her little face marked with the outline of his fingers, her make-up scrubbed away with brook water.

"Father?" she echoed.

"Yes, your father," Peter nodded. "Mrs. Kettridge doesn't want you to know—she never really wants any one to know. It's embarrassing enough as it is. But evidently whenever she's in this country Shelley begins to persecute her—an obsession with him, I guess. You know the sort of letters Shelley can write. Lord knows, you know the pictures he can draw. You know the long-distance telephoning he can do, and the wires he can send. Evidently he likes to show your mother that he knows her every move—just where she is, what she's doing, and with whom. Get it? He's sort of nuts on the whole subject. Your mother says her days and nights are a nightmare of his attentions. They go in spells, and sometimes—depending on how prolonged and serious his brooding is—he begins to put in personal appearances. He did that on several of her lecture tours. Anyway, that's what happened last night at the Country Club. Shelley had landed in New York and was threatening to come out here unless she came to town to see him.

"He actually got your mother on the phone at the club. I happened to be passing by when she came out of the phone booth. She was so close to fainting that she was staggering. I got her outside and found her car. She was shaking all over, and she asked me to go in and get her a drink."

He broke off and shook his head. "She was determined not to go back to the club and face her friends. She got in such a state that all she could do was warn me she was going to scream. She kept stuffing a chiffon handkerchief in her mouth. I shook her and took her out of the car and half carried her down to the little cabin by the tennis courts. Then I went back to the club and tried to find the manager, but I only found Rogers—you know, the head steward—and I explained to him that Mrs. Kettridge had been called to New York and I was going to drive her to the train. I asked him to explain to her friends and to handle everything, and of course I was excusing my own absence. Then, outside, I drove her car way up to the side road, the one not far from the tennis courts, where I thought as soon as she was herself I could easily take her. I went back to your mother, and I brought her the only thing I could lay my hands on while I was inside the club—it was a champagne split, and I opened it for her. She was weeping quite loudly and was hysterical even while she drank it. And only a few moments later there was a knock at the door and Gilman's voice."

"The manager of the club?"

Peter nodded. "I went outside and faced the music. Of course I was fired on the spot. But I wouldn't let him go in—I wouldn't let him know who it was. I told him I had been trying to quiet this woman for hours and get her in condition to leave, and that in the meantime I had gone back to the club and found Mrs. Kettridge in difficulties, and had driven her to the station and then come back there. At least, that let your mother out."

PETER smiled and shrugged, and then turned to light a cigarette.

"Well, Gilman decided he didn't want to fight me, so he said he didn't care who it was—but for me not to show my evil face again, or words to that effect, on the sacred area of the club grounds.

"By the time I went back, Mrs. Kettridge had heard the voices and had herself a little in hand. She insisted she would have to go straight into New York. I knew she couldn't make it alone, so I offered to drive her in. She suggested that first she stop and phone Shelley, to be sure he knew she was coming, and to head him off any thought of coming out here."

"But why, Peter," Lili insisted, as he paused to take a long pull on his cigarette, "do you suppose mother wants to keep it all a secret from me?"

"Pride partially, I suppose." He shrugged. "She told me he brings out the worst in her whenever he makes a spectacle of himself—whenever he makes her loathe him—by reminding her of what he could be and what he used to be. She said, too, that she thought you knew enough wretched things about your parents without any further scenes."

Lili nodded and stared down at her sun-tanned hands, remembering so many, many violent scenes in her babyhood—so many stories she had heard.

"At any rate," Peter continued a little doggedly, "I drove her to my cottage to do the phoning. The conversation—which I didn't listen to because I went out to the kitchen to fix her coffee—must have been ghastly. I heard her voice now and then, sometimes so shrill in pleading, or in anger, that I was mighty grateful I had brought her home. And then I heard a crash, and went in to her. Evidently when she had hung up the phone she had fallen face forward on the floor—out like a light. Her faint didn't last very long, so I didn't have to send for a doctor, thank heaven. She drank some coffee and she took some medicine she had with her—some stuff that she evidently relies a great deal on when she gets into that state of nerves."

"Poor mother," Lili murmured; and then, glancing at Peter with a wry smile, she added: "Poor you!"

"By then, of course, time had passed, and she had to phone Shelley again to explain why she had been delayed. Only that time she couldn't reach him. Then she became more than a little frantic. We tried every place we could think of. No Shelley! Your mother insisted we drive to the station to meet all trains, which we did in Mrs. Robbins' car. I had driven your mother's car into one of those side roads in the woods not far from our house. You know, the same road that—"

"Yes, I know," Lili said, and flushed. The same road that he and she had entered the day they had gone horseback riding. . . .

"So there we were more than half the night meeting trains to head off your father. Every so often we would phone again."

"It sounds like a nightmare." Lili shook her head.

"I wish for your mother's sake it was," Peter said. "Anyway, it wasn't until seven in the morning that we finally got your father on the phone. By then he wasn't making much sense, except that he was still expecting her in town. She promised she would be there by noon if he would swear to go to bed and get some sleep before he tried to talk to her. She took a brief nap herself then, exhausted, and I fixed her some breakfast and drove her to the station."

LILI gazed at him and marked for the first time his weariness. She wondered if her mother had any idea of how she had wrecked this boy's summer for him.

"So that's why mother keeps wanting to go back to England," Lili said.

"I don't know if she wants that so much." Peter shook his head. "I think practically any place out of the country would do. It is only she has friends and interests in England. I guess it isn't so easy for a woman alone, hitting a new part of the globe—a stranger and making another life for herself."

Lili frowned. How much Lillian Kettridge must have talked last night! How much of herself she must

have revealed to this boy! Even in great distress we don't do that to some one we don't instinctively like or admire, do we?

"I don't know." Peter smiled wryly. "Maybe your mother is just a fevered female, but last night I was sorry for her, and I'll be damned if I can judge."

With a few steps he stood beside her at the chaise longue, smiled down at her and rubbed her sore cheek with one knuckle.

"Now you know," he said; "but don't tell your mother you know, unless you feel you have to."

"No, I won't," Lili promised. "I wouldn't put her through the embarrassment of discussing it with me. I wouldn't give you away. Thanks for telling me. Will you stay for *luncheon*?"

"No. This is the day I promised to take Peggy berrying," he said.

"It will be rather awful not seeing you at the club any more."

"I'm surprised I lasted that long," he smiled. "By the way, Lili, how's your engagement coming along?"

"Are you surprised *that* lasted so long?" she parried.

"Your mother is hoping you will set a date soon, for early fall, so she can get away."

"Yes, I know," Lili said. "I don't know what to do. I have been hoping—" She looked up at him, suddenly wide-eyed. "I have been hoping you'd speak."

"You've been *what?*" He frowned and stood back suddenly.

SHE looked at her shoe and picked at it.

"After all, Peter, you love me. You know you do."

After a moment she dared to look up at him. His expression was almost contemptuous.

"If that's what it takes to break your engagement, put the thought out of your mind," he said; and the next thing she knew he had walked out of the room.

O. K., O. K., he could walk out of her life, for all she cared! He *must* have known what it meant to say those words; what it meant to confess, to break down and tell him of her hopes. Maybe he didn't know. Maybe after hearing her mother talk all night long he didn't think there was any reserve left in any woman. He probably thought she was just another fevered female. Very well; that was all right, and she would set the date with Horace any time. It was better so, because you should never let any attachment become so important that what another person did could make or break you. You should take life calmly and plan it sanely so that you were not a victim of emotion.

Horry came on the afternoon train. His appearance and his greeting warmed her heart. He was terribly fond of her, and his eyes clung to her—his whole manner looked up to her, regarding her as a sort of guiding star. His only wish was to please her, and so when they had swum and

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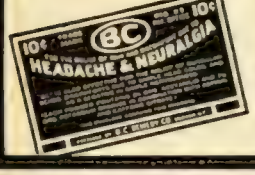

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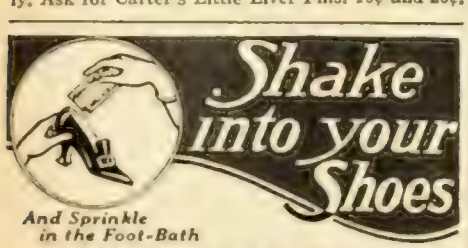

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dined and danced, and he drove her home, she took him to the grape arbor where that morning she had been thoroughly slapped, and there she told Horace that she thought September would be swell for a wedding.

She wouldn't go back to college. She listened to him talk, and no one could help but respond to Horry's enthusiasm, his genuine pleasure. She felt his kisses and found them sweet if not thrilling, and she told herself she had done well. This would solve a lot of stale problems. She would settle down with Horry, with all his weaknesses and all his follies, because she could never love Horry deeply enough so that he could hurt her. And she wouldn't be on her mother's mind—an unsettled problem—nor would she be alone, anchorless, footloose.

They phoned her mother, and Mrs. Kettridge's delight exceeded their own. She could hardly wait to call the newspapers and give them the date. She promised to be out home by Sunday. That night, at the Country Club dinner, they would announce it to a very special group. . . .

AFTER the announcement of the wedding date, everything was simply insane, and if Lili expected, which she did, to wake up in any cold sweat of regret, she didn't at all. Evidently the calming influence of having made a decision was medicinal. She was glad that her mother didn't discuss things too intimately, for she found it more and more difficult to meet Mrs. Kettridge's eyes, knowing all she did about her. Mrs. Kettridge never mentioned Shelley, of course, and the one time that Lili purposefully said, "Did you hear the scandal Peter Higgins got himself into? They had to kick him out of the club because of some woman," Mrs. Kettridge merely shrugged and answered:

"Oh, I heard something about it. I was afraid for a moment it was you, but Old Sawyer told me you went to bed early that night."

What could you do but turn away quickly, and never, never mention it again? Turn with feverish activity to all her mother's trousseau buying and wedding arrangements, and talk only on the surface of things? There was never a word between them even about Horace himself, or Lili's true feeling as the wedding approached. Of course, Mrs. Kettridge was busy. She was away as often as she was home. Knowing now that she could make her plans for Europe, she was doubly anxious to end all her business affairs in a hurry.

She was away the one time Lili met Peter Higgins, for Lili no longer had any desire to meet him. He wasn't torturing her thoughts any more, and she wasn't even interested in what his reaction might be. She met him when she was driving up a side road to make arrangements for storing some furniture to make room for the wedding reception. And there was Peter on his bicycle, and little Peggy on her small-sized bicycle. Automatically she stopped the car.

"Hello, Peggy," she cried out. "You ride wonderfully now."

They had both stopped and were staring at her, but the little girl didn't answer. She merely nodded a begrudging assent.

"Hello, Peter," Lili called. "Mother sent you a very special wedding invitation. I think she wrote something on it. Did you receive it?"

He nodded slowly.

"I got it this morning," he said, and smiled.

"Good," she answered. "I hope you come, and bring little Peggy."

"Come on, Uncle Peter," Peggy called, and started to pedal ahead.

"'By," Lili cried, and started her car.

She went on about the storage arrangements. When she passed Peggy and Peter on her drive back, they both waved; but as she was passing, she could hear Peggy's voice, breath-labored and shrill, asking:

"And will she look any different when she's a bride, Uncle Peter?"

And Lili laughed in spite of herself, and was very glad she could laugh. She only wished she had heard what Uncle Peter might answer. When she got into the house, there were so many messages, so many packages, so many duties that there wasn't any time to think. All that mattered was that her heart *didn't* ache.

It was even a relief these days to have her mother away. It left so much for Lili to do herself, and the occasional days that Mrs. Kettridge blew in became confused, to say the very least. Plainly her mother was not well. Whatever state of nerves possessed her, she neither looked nor acted her usual self-assured, cucumber-cool self. And since she wouldn't talk in confidence, Lili was glad when she was up and away again.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who still rules over the widespread Dutch Empire from London.
2—For Admiral William Penn, father of William, founder of the colony. The land was given to him because the British government owed Admiral Penn £16,000.
3—No.
4—The radio industry, and the moving was all on the dials, as many stations changed wave lengths to improve reception.
5—The whale, which is a mammal, although it swims in the sea.
6—No. The lily of the Old Testament is actually the lotus or the iris.
7—No; only nine of them.
8—"Philadelphia" is a Greek compound meaning Brotherly Love.
9—Sixteen minutes and twenty seconds.
10—Corduroy, which in French means "cord of the king."
11—There are twenty-one amendments.
12—Yes. It was discovered on Easter Day, 1722.
13—Oil tankers.
14—Arizona; February 14, 1912.
15—Around Dover, England, which has taken much punishment from Nazi air attacks.
16—The regions of calm near the equator.
17—Office of Production Management, directing production for defense.
18—Sarah Bernhardt.
19—Charles L. McNary.
20—President Roosevelt quoted them in a letter to Winston Churchill, delivered by Wendell Willkie on his recent visit to England.

She was away when Lili's little world blew apart.

It was only four days before the wedding when Horace Rumford called her from New York. His voice was so strained and broken that at first she thought he must have been drinking. Then she realized, as she forced him to repeat his words, that he had been crying and probably still was. He seemed exasperated that she hadn't read the newspapers and that she didn't know what had happened. There had been a plane crash, and Mr. and Mrs. Pell Dourbon had been on board. Bugs was listed among those killed. Horace was still trying to reach Magda to get a full report on the extent of her injuries.

"It happened just outside of Pittsburgh," his voice stumbled on. "I don't think they were taken to the same hospital. I'm having an awful time getting information. After all, I'm not related to her and it's hard to get details out of them."

"Look, Horry," Lili said very quietly; "I'll drive right into town. You keep on telephoning. Where shall I meet you?"

"Well, I—I don't know," he said vaguely. "Could you meet me at the airport?"

"Are you going to fly to Pittsburgh? Would you like me to go with you, Horry?"

"No," he said. "No. Look, Lili; I can't talk any more. I'll be out at the airport. I'll do my telephoning from there. I want to get to Magda as soon as I can."

"O. K.," she said, and hung up. Her mind refused to consider matters while she hurriedly prepared for the trip.

IT was one of those wet foggy days and the driving was increasingly difficult. But, alone in her car, Lili sorted her thoughts. Magda's husband was killed. No doubt Magda was seriously hurt. Of course Horry would want to go to her. That's the way things are, you see, when you love somebody. You can deny it all you please, but at a moment of crisis there are no two sides of a love argument.

If Magda died—and if Magda lived, whether fully recovered or not—what then?

After much search at the airport, she found Horace at the telephones. The sight of him was a great shock. Only then was it clear how greatly he was affected. Impulsively she put her hand out and squeezed his arm.

"How soon do you take off?" she asked.

"I can't," he said. "The planes are grounded. Bad weather. I'll be taking a train in about an hour."

"Let's have some coffee or something," she said. "How about the restaurant upstairs?"

He nodded and followed her.

"A double old-fashioned and a cup of coffee," Horry ordered.

Lili bit her lip. "Make it two," she said, and when the waiter had left, she glanced up at Horry. "You've been drinking already, haven't you?"

He nodded.

"O. K., Horry. Well, what have you heard?"

"Ribs broken," he said tersely. "Hip broken—of course she's lost her baby." His voice ended abruptly and he closed his lips tight.

Horace drank his drink quickly and leaned across the table toward her.

"Lili," he said. "I can't help it and I hate to say it—but you must know it's all off between us."

She frowned vaguely.

"I wouldn't care," he continued, "if Magda was a wreck—a pulp—see what I mean? I'd want to take care of her—be by her side—all the rest of my life . . ."

She nodded and didn't speak. He snapped his fingers at the waiter and ordered another old-fashioned.

"Horace," she said. "It puts me in a hell of a spot."

"I know," he said. "Make up anything you want. Tell them anything."

"What can I tell them?" Lili said. "Except—I am jilted." She laughed a little ruefully. "And I deserve to be, don't I? You and I both knew this wasn't real. But in all fairness, Horry, the wedding is only—" Her voice faded and she laughed again.

"Don't laugh," Horry said.

"I can't help it," said Lili. "I just—can't—help it."

She saw the waiter approaching with his drink, and she said: "Excuse me a moment. I have to telephone. Order me another, will you?"

And then she walked away, very steadily. She was grateful that there was nobody in the ladies' room. She thought wildly: This is the time I go hysterical. I won't be able to go back to him. I ought to see him off. I

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(from a letter by J. McG., Providence, Ky.)

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(from a letter by D. B., Burbank, Calif.)

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ought to be game, and all I'm going to do in a few minutes is burst."

She opened her purse and took from it a small notebook.

"Sorry," she scribbled. "I've gone on home."

She folded the paper quickly and went to the entrance of the restaurant.

"Please give that," she told the headwaiter, "to the young man at the far table."

And hastily she ran down the steps and out of the building. The feel of the evening air was grateful, cool. She hurried to the parking space, unlocked her car, and climbed in. Once beyond the city, she began to cry, and was glad. It was a great relief. The sobs tore noisily in her throat and chest, but alone in her car she could cry as loud as she pleased.

Then rain started, and once it started, it came with driving fury. Her windshield wiper stuck and one light was out. She could tell that. Much as she dreaded it, she had to stop at a filling station and ask for repairs. But she kept shrunk back in her seat, as much out of sight as possible, and mentioned the fact that she had a bad cold. The man seemed endlessly slow in fixing the windshield wiper. The car light evidently had not only bulb trouble but other complications to which she paid little attention. The man explained that the metal rim or hinge had worn loose and that the glass was dangerously wobbly.

"Think I ought to put a new one on for you," he said. And Lili settled back to another delay. She lit a cigarette, but was barely able to smoke it.

When at last she paid him and drove off, she wondered why she was heading for home—or why she cared whether she was delayed. She began to laugh again, almost as she had seated across the table from Horry—hysterical laughter that was now half tears. Twice she skidded, and once the road was blocked off with a lantern and a policeman who told her there had been a washout and that she would have to take a short detour to the right. She knew those back roads and liked them, though there were frequent curves that were difficult in the wet. They gave her something to think about, and yet she couldn't keep her mind on them. She could think only about Horry flying to Magda—about the wedding that would be called off, the explanation that must be made.

She slithered into a soft shoulder, and had a difficult time getting out of it and back on the road, for already the mud was thick enough to pull at the wheels. Her car was a little harder to handle with the mud on it, and when other cars came toward her, what did it matter if the windshield wiper was wiping the rain away and there was rain in her own eyes?

She began, a little crazily, to sing, with the hope that it would make her stop crying. But her own voice sounded too forlorn. The silence when she stopped was doubly annoying, so she started again, louder and louder, making herself sing at the top of her lungs. She drove slowly but half blindly as she crept into the village through back streets. Once again she went off the road and hit what must have been a small embankment. It was. She recognized it vaguely. Only a little farther on she realized she had gone past her own turn. Down the road, she made an elaborate circle and headed back.

Then, within a short distance, she saw a crowd and drew the car up hastily. It was a small crowd but increasing.

There must have been an accident. She moved the car a little closer, just to see.

Then suddenly she saw Peter—Peter Higgins straightening up, and for a moment he put the wedge of his palms up against his forehead. Instinctively Lili cried out his name—not that he could hear her, but she spoke it even as she scrambled across the front seat of the car and got out in the pelting rain.

The wind was blowing fiercely, and she had to bend against it as she hurried toward Peter. Even as she put her hand on his arm, she saw—little Peggy on the ground, blood on her head and face.

Who ran Peggy down? Will Peter and Lili's meeting at the scene of the accident draw them closer together? More trouble looms for Lili in next week's dramatic chapter!

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One evening he had to go to the nearest white rancher's on an errand. He wanted Sarah to go along, but she was too tired to endure the long jaunt. She stood watching until he was out of sight, then locked herself inside the cabin.

Sarah was sitting alone in the lamplit room when the discomfort caused by her artificial teeth became unbearable. She finally laid down her sewing, removed her upper plate, and was taking out her lower teeth when she heard a noise. Then she saw an Indian outside the window, his face pressed close to the pane.

Sarah's fright quickly gave way to anger that any one should see her with her teeth out. Holding a plate in each hand, she lunged at the window, snapping the teeth together viciously.

The terrified Indian ran away!

The following night, Sarah sat in her accustomed place while Joel rested in a big chair by the table.

Once more she heard a faint noise.

"Don't look now, Joel," she said, "but I think that Indian is crouched outside again. Out of the corner of my eye I can see a face between the curtains. Get up and go to the kitchen as if for a drink, then slip outside with your rifle."

Joel did as Sarah suggested, and as he cautiously rounded the corner of the cabin, he found not one but five Indians peering in the window! They heard him and attempted to run, but he had them covered.

"Stay where you are!" he ordered. "You, Bill—I know you speak English. Now, what is the meaning of your prowling around my property at night?"

The Indian named Bill stood sullenly silent. His face was as blank as the face of the cliff that rose back of Smith's cabin.

But the suggestive click of the hammer on Joel's gun suddenly restored him to action.

Indicating another young redskin, Bill said, "He bring. He here last night." Then, pointing to each Indian in turn, Bill continued, "He come, me come, see white squaw take head apart."

THE END

Rainbow's End for Mr. Roosevelt

BY BEVERLY HILLS

James Stewart and Paulette Goddard in Pot o' Gold.

He comes up with a Pot o' Gold—and it's a hit!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ POT O' GOLD

THE PLAYERS: James Stewart, Paulette Goddard, Horace Heidt, Charles Winninger, Mary Gordon, Frank Melton, Jed Prouty, Dick Hogan, James Burke, Charlie Arnt, Donna Wood, Larry Cotton, Henry Rockquemore, William Gould, Aldrich Bowker. Story by Andrew Bennison, Harry Tugend, and Monte Brice, screen play by Walter DeLeon, from an idea by Haydn Roth Evans and Robert Brilmayer. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by James Roosevelt-United Artists. Running time, 86 minutes.

I'M afraid Captain Jimmy Roosevelt of the marines has a film hit as well as a near war on his hands. The first Roosevelt production effort (he purchased Pastor Hall ready made) grew out of a national radio hour, Horace Heidt's Pot o' Gold broadcast. It's a hokum story built around one of those comedy feuds: Charles Haskell, industrial king and boss of Haskell's Health Foods, vs. the McCorkles, who live across the alley from the Haskell health foundry. The McCorkles have refused to sell their boardinghouse to Haskell, who wants to expand; worse yet, they have taken in the members of a jazz band whose practicing drives Haskell mad. The war is on—when Haskell's nephew comes to town to work for his Uncle Charlie. Somehow he lands in the McCorkle boardinghouse, falls in love with Mom McCorkle's pretty daughter, decides to help the jobless band. And he puts it on the air by way of the Haskell Happiness Hour while Uncle Charlie is away.

You'll like Jimmy Stewart as the lanky harmonica-playing Haskell and Paulette Goddard as the daughter of the noisy house of McCorkle. Charles Winninger is amusing as the jittery health-food tycoon, and the jobless band boys include Horace Heidt and his radio-celebrated musicians.

All tried-and-true stuff—but ingratiating and amusing, done ingeniously, personably, with tongue in cheek.

VITAL STATISTICS: Before the film had its New York premiere Jimmy Stewart was peeling potatoes as a draft rookie at Fort MacArthur. As this is written he is headed for Camp Moffett, near Frisco, to be in the Air Corps. . . . Heidt staged his first Pot o' Gold broadcast in September, 1939. You know the idea: a number is selected from any one of the nation's telephone directories, Heidt calls up the lucky person while the band is on the air, and if the selectee replies, a thousand dollars is sent by telegraph.

★ THE LADY FROM CHEYENNE

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Robert Preston, Edward Arnold, Frank Craven, Gladys George, Jessie Ralph, Stanley Fields, Willie Best, Samuel S. Hinds, Spencer Charters, Clare Verdera, Alan Bridge, Joseph Sawyer, Ralph Dunn, Harry Cording, Charles T. Aldrich, Dorothy Granger, Marion Martin. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Warren Duff, from a story by Jonathan Finn and Theresa Oaks. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced by Universal. Running time, 87 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD is going in heavily for Westerns. Apparently on the theory that a cow pony is ideal for an escapist canter. Here, for instance, is frankly an apocryphal yarn of how woman suffrage was adopted by Wyoming in the late '60s. It

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

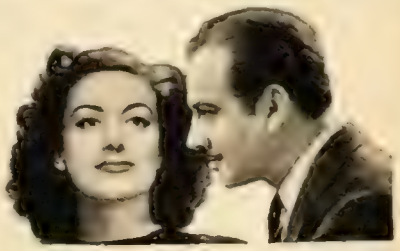
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In with the Mayflowers comes a truly original and distinguished motion picture. M-G-M presents the year's outstanding dramatic offering—"A Woman's Face".

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt will long be remembered for their performances in this screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul.



Produced by Victor Saville, it has been directed by none other than George (Philadelphia Story) Cukor.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Woman's Face" is your good fortune.

★ ★ ★ ★

The role of Anna Holm fits Joan like a cellophane glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

Following "A Woman's Face" will come in Maytime succession three more outstanding roars from the lion's den.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are—in this order—

★ ★ ★ ★

"Blossoms In The Dust" (Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon).

"Love Crazy" (William Powell-Myrna Loy).

"Billy The Kid" in Technicolor (Robert Taylor).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you wish to run the gamut of emotions, this is your month. *May Goes Metro.*

★ ★ ★ ★

But then so will all the other months go that way. Have you seen "Men of Boys Town"? Have you seen "The Ziegfeld Girl"?

★ ★ ★ ★

Those of you who like mementoes and pretty wall decorations might wish to take advantage of a special offer.

★ ★ ★ ★

We will be glad to send you a complete set of four beautiful full color reproductions of oil paintings by famous American Illustrators of their conception of "The Ziegfeld Girl of 1941."

Individual paintings by McClelland Barclay, John La Gatta, Neysa McMein, Gilbert Barrie. Size 9" by 12", full color prints on heavy mat paper. Write Leo, 1540 Broadway, New York, Box 127, and enclose ten cents to cover mailing costs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Some day I'll show you my etchings.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

seems that the whole thing was due to Loretta Young, who plays a prim young schoolteacher fresh from Philadelphia. Nothing very compelling about this, even if it is innocuous. Miss Young is a pleasant enough heroine, Robert Preston is an unscrupulous lawyer she wins back to honesty and love.

VITAL STATISTICS: Director Frank Lloyd built his town of Laraville just outside of Mojave, ninety miles from Hollywood. Extras were taken to location by bus each day, making a five-hour round trip. The principals lived at the Mojave Adobe Hotel during the shooting. . . . Robert Preston hails from Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, but his dad, Frank Meservey, a clothier, moved to Los Angeles when Bob was two. After high school Preston was with the Pasadena Community Playhouse, played in a stock company directed by Mrs. Tyrone Power, mother of the film star. Preston is only twenty-two.

Short Review:

★ **RIDE ON VAQUERO** (Twentieth Century-Fox). Another fable—the sixth—around O. Henry's character, the Cisco Kid, the carefree caballero who still rides hard, righting wrongs. This time the Kid cleans up the frontier town of Las Tablas, rescues a kidnaped husband, puts three ornery crooks, the chief officials of the place, out of business. Cesar Romero is Cisco, the tango-trigger trifler. (64 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★ —Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love.

★★★½—That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police.

★★★—The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade.

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AS AN INDUCEMENT to try **CHELSEAS**, we pack them in 24's—4 extra to the package—a dividend of 40 *extra* to the carton. If your dealer cannot supply you—

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330 HOUSEMAN BLDG. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

MR. WINTERS AND THE $10,000 BABY

Continued from Page 21

know something about the game."

After making the king of diamonds, Jackie led a low club and won it with the king. He then took his two high diamonds, discarding two low hearts from dummy. On the last diamond, Winters discarded the two of hearts. Now a low club was taken by the ten in dummy and a spade returned. Mrs. Dallas was in with the jack as Jackie underplayed with the five. This compelled Mrs. Dallas to lead a heart, which Jackie took with the queen, and the tenth trick was won with the ace of hearts. At this point the west hand held two spades and two clubs with a discard to make on the heart ace. Winters gave up a spade. As Jackie now led a spade, it was obvious he had the balance of the tricks.

"Just a moment," said Winters nervously. "I meant to throw a club."

"Awright," said Jackie, "take it back."

Winters took back the spade and discarded a club. Instead of the spade lead, Jackie laid down the ace of clubs and the queen of spades was the reentry for the last club.

The baby had made the slam!

Dallas asked Jackie, "Well, kid, was it a tough hand?"

"No," he lisped; "only a thimple tweeze." He clapped his hands as he singsonged: "Dada'th goin' take me to the thir-cuth!"

Winters handed the two checks to Dallas.

"That baby of yours is, without doubt, the world's greatest prodigy," he said.

As the Winterses left, Jackie opened his sleepy eyes to bid them "Dood-by." But after the door closed, he became wide awake.

"Give me a slug of whisky," he said, without any trace of a lisp. "I want to drink to the best cold-deck ringer-in that I know of. Gee, wasn't the old buzzard sore? That's the best fun I've had since I quit the Lilliputian troupe."

THE END

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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In Akron THE MAYFLOWER
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and capable of acting as it did, the war on land might have ended in the first two months in the complete destruction of the French army and probably of the British Expeditionary Force.

We must take this as the first of all the great crises of the war.

The second climax of the war, without doubt, was the Dardanelles. If in 1915 we could have taken Constantinople, Turkey would have gone out of the war or retreated into the depths of Asia Minor, and the whole of the Balkan States, with about 2,000,000 fighting men, would have come in on our side and have gnawed up against the southern frontiers of Austria.

Even the unsuccessful attack which we made was the prime cause of bringing Italy, with the army of a first-class Power, into the war against Austria.

One cannot doubt that if either the British fleet had forced the Dardanelles, or if the British army had gained the crest lines on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the war would have ended in 1915; Germany would have been stripped of her allies and must have negotiated a peace; the world would have been spared the awful slaughter and impoverishment of the three years which followed.

It seems almost incredible that the British fleet could not sweep up the mine fields and pass the Straits when the Turkish batteries had virtually no more armor-piercing shells nor the means of replacing a single mine.

Still more astonishing is it that in the Battle of Suvla Bay, in August, 1915, more than 40,000 British troops, all safely landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula, were held up by perhaps 1,800 Turks for two whole days.

ONE stands in awe of these grievous adverse decisions. They seem to have no relation to the ordinary workings of cause and effect. But the explanation of why Constantinople was not taken in 1915 is not so much the mistakes which were made on the spot as the lack of will power shown by the then British government. They never would or could throw themselves into the effort with united zeal.

The muddles of the first Coalition Cabinet and their military advisers in 1915 will ever be a supreme example to the world of what should be avoided.

After this great hope of the Dardanelles was thrown away, the western front became again the decisive theater. The Germans chose to make a great trial of strength by attacking the fortress of Verdun. The French met them, and a prolonged wearing-down battle developed in which more than half a million men fell on both sides, killed or wounded. We must look upon this flagrant German mistake of attacking Verdun as a partial offset to our own incompetence which marred the true strategy of the attack upon Constantinople.

The third climax of the war came when the German attack upon Verdun had failed, when the Somme battle was raging at full blast, when the Russian Brusilov unexpectedly broke the Austrian front and captured over 200,000 prisoners, and when, in consequence, Rumania joined the Allies. This dangerous conjunction brought about the fall of Falkenhayn, and carried Hindenburg and Ludendorff to the supreme control of the German war effort.

There followed the fourth prime feature of the war—the grand U-boat attack on the Allied shipping and the food ships and store ships which kept Great Britain alive.

Here again we were exposed to a mortal risk. Not merely defeat but subjugation and final ruin confronted our country.

Three fourths of the tonnage sunk *was British*, and *175 U-boats out of a total German loss of 182 were destroyed by British agency.*

This was incomparably the greatest triumph of the Royal Navy in the war, and if our seafaring manhood had not been as sound as a bell we should never have saved ourselves.

Of all the tasks ever set the navy, nothing could have appeared more baffling than that of sheltering our enormous mercantile traffic and groping deep below the surface of the sea for the deadly, elusive foe.

It was, in fact, a game of blindman's buff in an unlimited space of three dimensions.

THIS is not the place to describe all the devices by which the U-boats were conquered. It is sufficient to say that but for the institution of convoys we should not have succeeded.

The convoy system was forced upon the senior officers of the Admiralty by the Cabinet, who had received information from younger officers that this was the only way.

Here was certainly one of the vital turning points of the war, one of the moments when blessing and cursing hung in the balance.

Consider the general situation. Russia was collapsing. Surely to no nation has fate been more malignant than to Russia. Despair and treachery usurped command at the moment when her task was almost done.

To remain in presence; to lean with heavy weight upon the far-stretched Teutonic line; to hold without exceptional activity the weakened hostile forces on her front: in a word, to endure—that was all that stood, at the end of 1916, between Russia and her share in the general victory. But a dark hand, gloved at first in folly, now intervened. Revolution broke out.

But not in vain her valiant deeds. The Russian Empire fell in 1917,

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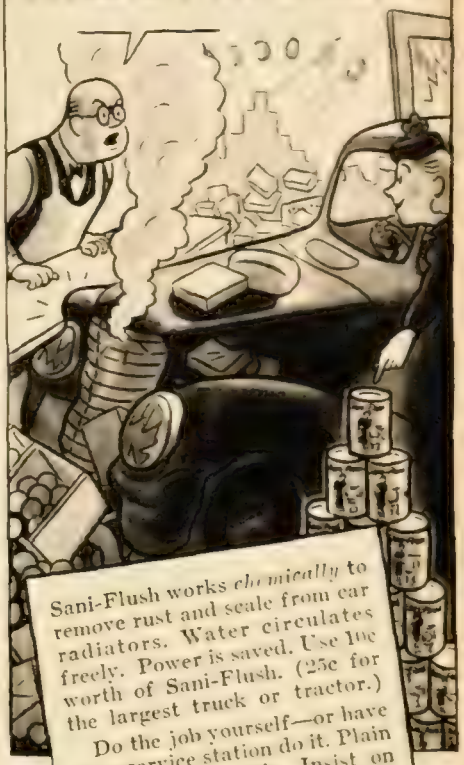

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MOSCO CORN REMOVER

on March 16. On April 6 the United States entered the war.

It was not so much the physical aid of America that counted: the psychological effect of a new and fresh command of 120,000,000 active, educated people thrown into the scale on our side reanimated the French resistance.

We in Britain had not suffered yet as much as our ally, but to us, also, the entry of the United States was a tremendous reassurance.

And here was where the U-boats struck at the vital point.

The German war leaders deliberately faced bringing the United States into the war by sinking her ships because they calculated they could starve Great Britain in five months.

It was certain that the United States could not bring any military forces to bear within that time.

Moreover, if the U-boats triumphed, it would not be possible to transport millions of Americans across the sea. American intervention would then be only a shadow.

All turned on whether the German calculations were right. But the British navy conquered the U-boats.

The terrible curve of sinkings rose through February, March, and April, 1917, and if it had continued to rise at a similar rate in May, June, and July we should have been defeated; our ruin would have been certain.

But April was the peak. After April our countermeasures began to win. By July we breathed again. Never again did Germany equal the April sinkings.

The autumn of 1917, which was to have seen the fulfillment of German dreams, came, passed, and left us safer.

By the end of the year it was certain that we should not succumb.

It was certain, moreover, that war could be carried on until the power of the United States could, if necessary, be fully exerted on the battlefields of Europe.

By the middle of 1918 the submarine campaign had been definitely defeated. The weapon purchased so dearly by the German war leaders had first been blunted and then broken in their hands.

The final phase of the U-boat war saw the roles of the combatants reversed. It was the U-boat, and not the merchant ship, that was hunted.

In these latter days a Flanders U-boat could hope for only six voyages before meeting its dark doom.

The unceasing presentiment of a sudden and frightful death beyond human sight or succor, the shuddering concussions of the depth charges, the continual attacks of escort vessels, the fear of annihilation at any moment, the repeated hairbreadth escapes produced a state of nervous tension in the U-boat crews.

Their original high morale declined rapidly during 1918 under an intolerable strain.

The surrender of more than one undamaged submarine, and the numerous cases of boats putting back for small repairs a few days after leaving harbor, showed that even in this valiant age and in this valiant race the limits of human endurance had been reached.

I saw and felt all the great crises of the war, and understood at each moment what was at stake. The U-boat peril was beyond all comparison and was the most frightful to endure.

If the French army had been destroyed and captured and Paris taken in September, 1914, still Britain, with her sea power, could have carried on the war singlehanded and held Germany long enough to make a reasonable peace. This also applied to the collapse of Russia without our gaining the United States.

Similarly, in 1918, when it looked as if the great German offensive might cut the French from Britain and drive us back from the Channel ports, or even into the sea, still we could have lived.

We could have repeated in the twentieth century the resistance which our ancestors made to Napoleon in the nineteenth century.

We could have stood out alone until the conqueror was forced to come to terms.

In 1918, with the United States as an ally, the English-speaking alliance could ultimately have won the war whatever happened in Europe.

CROSSWORDS

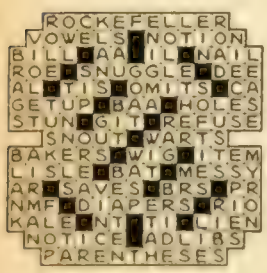
by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

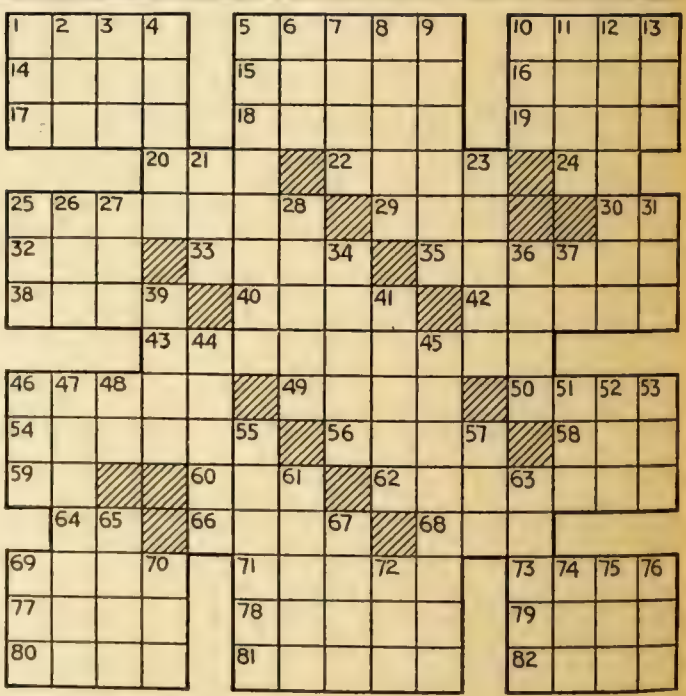
1 Jumping stick
5 Stupor (pl.)
10 Quarrel
14 Homeless urchin
15 Cognizant
16 Dwelling
17 Part of to be
18 Sap
19 Dash
20 Perceive
22 Russian ruler
24 Conjunction
25 Rose above other objects
29 Greek letter
30 Pronoun
32 Confection
33 Genus of ducks
35 California live oak
38 Roman patriot
40 Always
42 One lost or ruined
43 Pondered
46 Wanderer
49 Strip of cotton cloth
50 Cheese
54 Worshiped
56 Fame
58 Fruit drink
59 Depart
60 Beak
62 Kind of pilaster
64 Not any
66 Hurried
68 Fragment of cloth
69 Disreputable woman
71 Excuse
73 In the East, a nurse
77 Particle
78 Make firm
79 Leaf
80 Stops
81 Very small
82 Kind of collar

VERTICAL

1 Scrape with forefoot
2 Soft variety of hematite
3 Fish
4 Fat
5 Tilted
6 Be indebted to
7 Part of a ship
8 Get up
9 Legislative body
10 Pronoun
11 Game
12 Poison
13 Number
21 Period
23 Roam
25 Spasmodic twitch
26 South American sorrel
27 Moist
28 Hoisting device aboard ship
31 Thick viscous liquid
34 Thread (med.)
36 System of signals
37 One in office
39 Persian name
41 Clerical collar
44 Paradise (pl.)
45 Rashness
46 Find fault constantly
47 Order made up of dragonflies
48 A volume
51 Barrier
52 Commotion
53 Humans
55 Leave
57 Note of Guido's scale
61 Give the lie to
63 Visible astonishment
65 Smell
67 Low haunt
69 Puncture sharply
70 Printer's measure (pl.)
72 Lubricating oil
74 A sack for holding coffee, sugar, etc.
75 In past time
76 The female of various birds



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

But none of these assurances applied to the U-boat campaign.

If that had succeeded we were absolutely finished, not merely beaten but starved and impotent.

There could be no recovery, and we were fighting an enemy who would have shown no mercy.

Therefore the decision which gave victory was the defeat of the U-boats, and this was the grandest and most superb service ever rendered by the Royal Navy to mankind.

IT must be remembered that this was not the warfare of great fleets and admirals. It was warfare conducted by lieutenants, commanders, and captains.

It was a war of small vessels. It was a war of flotillas in ceaseless toil night and day, gale and fog, summer and winter, the most exhausting war service, demanding tireless vigilance.

Little boats laboring and plunging in the great seas; weary, war-worn men straining their eyes for a periscope hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month; no rest or relief, and no weakness of any kind!

Gratitude unbounding should go forth from British hearts to their sailormen who saved their lives and freedom from the worst perils in our history up to that time.

Gratitude, also, to the men of the mercantile marine!

If there had been the slightest flinching on the part of our merchant officers and sailors to put to sea with their cargoes, all the skill of the Royal Navy would not have succeeded.

There was a period when one voyage in four came to a fatal end.

Scores of thousands of merchant seamen had been torpedoed once. Tens of thousands had been torpedoed twice. Many had been torpedoed three times.

Never for one moment did they waver. Back they went to the hungry sea as soon as they were rescued.

There is no class of our fellow countrymen who are entitled to more gratitude and honor than these ordinary, splendid men.

Thus I have passed in review the various grand climacterics of the last war, and have marked unmistakably the dominant event.

But I would not have it supposed that physical force and its reactions comprised the secret of our victory.

Without this physical force and the successive episodes also mentioned we could not have won.

But should we have had this physical force if there had not stood behind it—never more strong than in the darkest hours—the moral conviction that we were in the right?

Great mistakes were made by the generals and politicians. Lives were thrown away on a staggering scale.

But still the will to win persisted and prevailed because of the innate, unchallengeable conviction that *the cause was good.*

THE END

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

I. C. A. A. A. A. OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP CUP. Emblematic of all-round excellence in intercollegiate track and field competition is the Outdoor Championship Cup shown here. This handsome trophy is awarded each year to the top-ranking track team of the forty-nine leading American colleges and universities which belong to the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America. You can bet that a team that gets its alma mater's name engraved on this cup has to be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good—"tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

I fought Joe Louis with one hand—this time

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SO far, no Jewish boxer has ever won the world's heavyweight championship crown. But there's always a first time for everything, and when I clash again with Champion Joe Louis I feel as sure as any one can feel about anything that I'm going to deprive him of the title.

I have every physical advantage over Louis. They tell me that he looks like a light heavyweight alongside of me. Nobody is invincible. Joe's time is at hand. In Detroit in March he had me down four times, yet couldn't keep me down. Now he'll never be able to do it.

I may have looked in a bad way to Referee Sam Hennessy when he stopped the bout, but I was still on my feet in that thirteenth round. I really was not the least bit groggy—and I am sure I would have been able to go the limit. Louis is the best hitter I've ever met, but even he couldn't hurt me. I have a cast-iron jaw and was able to take all his best punches without flinching.

But get this! I fought Louis with just one hand—my left. My right had been broken in training nine days before the fight. After landing one punch with it, I knew it would be useless to me for the rest of the battle.

If the great Louis couldn't keep me on the floor for the full count when I had just one hand to stand him off, how can he be expected to stop me in our coming fifteen-round tussle when I'll have two good hands to use against him?

Because my right was useless I couldn't do him any real damage, for I had to use my left chiefly to keep him off balance and prevent his getting in close. As it was, I was credited with at least five rounds by most of the scorekeepers.

I suppose it will sound ridiculous to most fans when I predict my winning of the title. But when it's over, you'll be hearing on every side such remarks as, "I might have known, after the way Abe proved he could take it in Detroit, and with only one hand at that!"

Outside of his being stopped by Max Schmeling in twelve rounds in 1936, there were only five other battles fought by Louis that year. He won all of these by knockouts, his five opponents only lasting thirteen rounds collectively. I am proud to think that I, all by myself, was able to go as far with him as they did: Charley Retzlaff, who went one round; Jack Sharkey, three; Al Ettore, five; Jorge Brescia, three; and Eddie Simms, one.

Since he came into the fistic limelight Louis has knocked out five former world's champions, and collectively they only lasted twenty-two rounds against him—just nine more than did I all by myself!

I don't think any other fighter would have dared to face him with only one good hand. I hate to seem to alibi myself like that, but I'm trying to convince my friends and admirers that I really have a splendid chance of copping the title. And that's just what I should do, as for the past three summers I have been a cop at Long Beach, New York. I was recently made deputy police commissioner, honorary, of course, by Mayor Ornstein of that seashore town.

Why didn't I let Promoter Mike Jacobs and the Michigan Commission know about my broken hand, so as to have the fight postponed? The trouble was that if they had known, or my manager, Johnston, had, there would have been a delay. I was afraid other plans would be made for Louis and I'd be left out in the cold. So I made up my mind to make the best of a bad bargain. Only Ned Johnston, brother of Jimmy, knew about the injured mitt, and he vowed secrecy until after the bout. Jimmy Johnston had had enough trouble in persuading Mike Jacobs to go through with it after my ten-round defeat by Big Jim Thompson in Baltimore just before the Louis go was scheduled. I thought I had won that fight, but my opponent, whom I had beaten on two previous occasions, was awarded the decision.

The courage that kept me in there trying against Louis was instilled into me by the incomparable Johnston, a manager who has engineered his men to four bouts with Louis—my coming bout with him being the fourth. Bob Pastor, my stablemate, is the fellow who made the fistic world sit up by going the limit, ten rounds, at a stage when Joe was bowling them over right and left. And then Pastor got a crack at the title in Detroit, and went eleven rounds with him.

First it was Pastor going ten, then eleven, and then my going thirteen—so what can you expect, with that

kind of progression, other than that I'll be able to go the fifteen-round limit against him in the Garden?

Jimmy Johnston probably is the one man who knows how the great Louis can be beaten. Last time, I obeyed orders as long as I could—jab and move, jab and move—but the referee spoiled it all. One thing is positive: Louis is one Bomber who can't hit a moving target. And most of his opponents have been scared to death before they left their dressing rooms.

Well, anyway, I fooled all the wise ones. Nobody that I know of dared predict I'd go over five rounds. And I'm going to fool them again! That punch that Louis used to drop me in the first round in Detroit didn't hurt me; it only embarrassed me. I was never dazed by any of Joe's punches. When I was on the floor for the fourth and last time, I fell facing my corner. I figured that if I turned around and got up I'd walk right into Louis and his wallop. It was my plan to move around and away

'LL WIN

Y ABE SIMON

ig-time fightdom's new hallenger boastingly goes ut on a limb of prophecy

from him, so I took two steps toward my corner. The next thing I knew, Referee Hennessy was calling a halt. Upon returning to New York I had my hand examined, and the broken bone was discovered. A plaster cast soon had it O. K.

Louis is a swell fellow—every inch a champion. He said to me, which made me feel grand, "You're a whale of a fighter, boy. That left of yours got to be a real pest before the bout was over."

I want to become champion of the world. I have so many things I want to do with the money! For instance, there is a Hebrew Home for the Aged in Brooklyn, for which Rabbi Aaron Kronenberg has been appealing for funds. There is also a synagogue in Richmond Hill, Long Island, where I live, which is badly in need of money, and some day I hope to pay off its entire mortgage.

My mother, Rose, and my dad, Max, who is in the butter-and-egg business, are both orthodox Jews, but both heartily endorse my method of earning a living. When some one twitted my mother about my being a boxer, and wondered at her allowing me to, she replied, "Abe's big enough to take care of himself. If a fellow like Carnera, who couldn't fight, could get to the top, why can't my Abe, who can?"

I was born in New York City, on the East Side, and I'll be twenty-six years old on Memorial Day. I served for three years in the 245th Coast Artillery. I attended the John Adams High School in Richmond Hill, and for a year I went to a swanky Yale prep school. It set my parents back $8,000. No more of that stuff for mine!

Jack Johnson, conqueror of Jim Jeffries, taught me a lot of tricks and is still teaching them to me.

THE END

"That reminds me of the **4 HIGHS** in **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline"

HIGH volatility to give you instant starts

HIGH power to breeze you up the hills

HIGH anti-knock to give you velvet smoothness

HIGH mileage to give you savings

You're Welcome AT TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN FRED ALLEN—Texaco Dealers invite you to enjoy Fred Allen in the lively full-hour Texaco Star Theatre Program every Wed. Night—C.B.S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 9:00 M.T., 8:00 P.T

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEREVER slums have been replaced by modern housing units for low incomes only, you'll find wishful people enviously admiring the select new homes that *they* aren't allowed to live in because they're a *little* too prosperous. I've done it myself a dozen times. The project houses—planned for light and air, with garden plots, green lawns, and all conveniences (some even have playrooms adjoining the laundry, so mothers can keep an eye on babies while doing the wash)—are in better taste and much more practical than many of higher rent. But they won't let us in if we make anything like fifty a week or up. . . . The other day I met a man who gladdened me by declaring there is no reason under the sun why moderately well off families can't have housing projects too.

Ely Jacques Kahn, consultant to the Federal Housing Authority and civic design committeeman of the American Institute of Architects, tells me he believes owners of city land in desirable but rundown neighborhoods would earn between 4 and 6 per cent on the investment if they pooled their real estate co-operatively for the construction of modern apartment units to rent at about twenty dollars a month per room. "If the government can do it for six a room," says Mr. Kahn, "private enterprise can make money on it at twenty." . . . A great idea. It ought certainly to be promoted. . . . New York born, grandson of a New York architect, Ely Jacques Kahn was trained at Columbia and at the Beaux Arts in Paris. Has traveled widely in the Orient; lately has visited every housing project in our eastern states, talking with tenants to learn their wants. On the twenty-eighth floor of a building he designed, his office is handsome with antique Chinese masks, brocades, carvings.

☆ A *runaway reconciliation* features this true story of love and escape. Married two years, the young couple blasted a quick route to divorce. Son of a rich manufacturer, the nice-but-not-awfully-brainy boy had been assigned to the finance end of the business, where he flopped like a fish out of water. Consoled himself with riotous living until his bride left him. As a change of scene, to ease his matrimonial sorrow, he was shifted to the factory. That's where he belongs. The work suits him. For some months he and his ex have been spooning in hideaways. Recently they *eloped* to remarry. I asked her why the secrecy. "We were ashamed to face the kidding," she admitted. "Now that it's over, it seems so silly we ever separated at all."

"Your wife was in, Mr. Jackson, and left this message for you!"

☆ Spring's the time for poetry! Two new books of poems I have found satisfying are Emanuel G. Frank's Lesser Clay (Allan J. Hall Publishing Co., Detroit), and Alice Duer Miller's Forsaking All Others, which might be called a sophisticated novelette in verse (published by Simon and Schuster, $1). I quote two lines from the latter:

Oh, isn't it fine a friend, not being even present,
Can give the world a meaning, and common things an air!

☆ Lavish masses of flowers in large containers are not as popular as they were for decoration. Among smart hostesses the floral fashion now trends toward single perfect blossoms and tight little bouquets of old-fashioned posies scattered all around the room in small holders of china or crystal. Arrange them anywhere and everywhere—on your tables, your bookcase, writing desk, mantelpiece. The new miniature watering cans of glass look charming with a few modest flowers; and the luster pitchers from England are *the* thing to set off the beauty of just one full-blown rose.

☆ Try this *Strawberry Ham Slice* when the berries are prime. It's unusual, and good. . . . Have ham cut 1 inch thick. Brown rapidly on both sides in heavy skillet, then place in baking dish. Crush 1 cup thoroughly ripe strawberries. Over the ham pour 2 tablespoons berry juice mixed with 2 tablespoons water; cover and bake 1 hour in medium oven. Add ½ cup sugar to the crushed berries and bring to boil. Remove cover from ham; stick cloves around edge of meat; spread with the strawberry sauce and bake 15 minutes more. Serve with baked sweet potatoes and a green salad.

☆ And they say *women* are face-conscious! . . . As profound a scientist as a curator of the Smithsonian Institution has been researching the shape of Uncle Sam's nose. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, after serious study, indicates his opinion that pictures of Uncle Sam, our national character symbol, ought to show neither a long sharp Yankee nose, nor a turned-up nose, nor a curved nose. Uncle Sam's nose should be straight Roman, gently beveled at the end.

In America the noblest Roman nose *I've* seen is that of screen veteran Aubrey Smith—a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher!

A Four-Star Broadcast by MORT LEWIS

First heard on NBC's Behind the Mike, of which Mr. Lewis is the producer

Radio FLUFFS

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOR all its sponsored comedians, its Fred Allens, Jack Bennys, Charlie McCarthys, some of radio's most hilarious moments have been unintentionally funny. I mean those times when even the best announcers —those golden-voiced word magicians—have let their tongues slip and come up into the microphone with what, in radio slang, is called a "fluff."

Years ago Milton J. Cross, that dean of Information Please and the symphony and opera broadcasts, in announcing a program of the A. & P. Gypsies said:

"You will now listen to the music of the A. & G. Pipsies."

David Ross, in introducing Tito Guizar and his guitar, once said:

"And now we present Tito Guitar and his famous guizar."

Frank Knight, in announcing the weather report, said:

"Today's weather—roudy followed by clain."

Ralph Edwards, now master of ceremonies on Truth or Consequences, once introduced a singer as follows:

"And here is one of radio's most charming and lovely sinners."

Jerry Lawrence, describing the ceremonies welcoming the King and Queen of England, uttered this masterpiece:

"You will know the King and Queen have arrived when you hear the twenty-one sun galute."

Art Whiteside, in presenting the Crown Prince of Norway on his station, made this remark:

"It is our extreme pleasure to introduce the Brown Quince of Norway."

David Ross, in advertising a popular mouth wash, said: "You will be delighted with the taste of this new, invigorating mouse wash."

Requesting that indigent World War veterans with 50 per cent disability write to the Veterans Bureau for financial assistance, an NBC announcer said it this way:

"Requests to the Veterans Bureau should be sent by indignant veterans who can prove 50 per cent desirability."

Frank Catto of Station WBCM of Bay City, Michigan, in introducing a program called Headlines and Highlights, said:

"Our next feature is entitled Headlights and Highlines."

A couple of weeks ago our own announcer, Gil Martin, made an announcement on behalf of the government. He was supposed to ask, "Do you want a Civil Service job?" but it came out like this:

"Do you want a chivil jervis sob?"

Harry Von Zell, in introducing the then President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, said:

"We pay tribute to our great President . . . Heever Herbert."

And an announcer, who shall remain unnamed, in plugging a well known beverage, said:

"Fill up your glass with Buppert's Reer."

But perhaps the most famous fluff of all was when Graham MacNamee, on the Ed Wynn show, in mentioning his product said:

"Be sure to fill up with a tankful of Fire Chief gasaloon."

THE END

The name on the package says Guaranteed Fresh

• Just soften "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk, whip it up with a spoon till it's fluffy. Swirl it on a baked apple. Mm-m... it's *de*-licious! For cream cheese, *marked* "Philadelphia" Brand, is delicate in flavor, *fresh!*

IF IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE IT IS MADE BY KRAFT

Copr. 1941 by Kraft Cheese Company

taxes after rents went down. There was money in banks, and the banks failed. One day I came home and my governess had gone to France. One night my mother dressed for dinner and she didn't have her pearls. It made me feel as if the house might disappear. After a while it did.

"It killed my father," Lacey said after a pause. "It broke his heart, a little at a time. My father loved my mother, and he couldn't give her the things he had always given her, and—it made a difference."

"I'm sorry," Winch said. "I didn't know." And yet Lacey saw that even now he did not understand. Their standards were so different. That was the thing that stood between them.

"You always seemed to have things," he said.

"My mother had a little money," said Lacey. "She had the rest of her jewels. She spent everything getting me ready to marry—safely." She paused, then went on, very slowly: "Winch, I'm spending the week-end with the Cavenders. Auden wants to show me to his people. Do you understand now, Winch?"

"I understand," Winch said.

She saw then that she had done it, the thing she had tried to do. She had made Winch understand. She put out her hands, in pity for Winch and for herself.

Winch was holding her then. There on the damp grass in the shadow of the lilacs. She could feel the hardness of his bones in her body, and the hardness of his lips. He hurt her, and she wanted to be hurt. Her cheek was wet against his, and the wet was salt like the sea at Paragon Park. "Oh, Winch, Winch," she sobbed. "I love you so much! Good-by, Winch."

IT was a mile from the gate to the house. The Cavender house was a great rambling stone pile, cleverly antiqued, with ivy pasted to the walls, and a patina of moss and chimney pots. The vast lawn stretched before it, the formal gardens were at the back, and beyond that the swimming pool and the squash and tennis courts. Then came the stables where Auden kept his polo ponies, and the garages were farther away still. The drive was of white pebbles; the glitter hurt Lacey's eyes.

It hadn't been easy, coming. Nothing had been easy since she stood breathless in that breathless booth. Her cheeks warmed now, remembering. "Winch, Auden wants you to come too. There's a girl. Angela Bedare. We—he needs an extra man. Winch, will you come? Please? I know it's a horrid thing to ask."

He had not hesitated. That was what upset her, really. That he should do so preposterous a thing so calmly. He had no pride, she realized suddenly. That was what was wrong with Winch. He had no pride at all.

"How about a swim?" Auden was saying now.

"That will be fine," said Lacey.

It had been a queer uncomfortable ride, sitting there between Winch and Auden. The men did most of the talking.

"I hear you've got a job," Winch said. "I haven't found one yet."

"The job found me," said Auden, half apologetic. "What were you looking for?"

Lacey hoped Winch wasn't going to ask Auden for a job.

"Industrial chemistry," he said. "Till then, anything."

"I'm not sure . . ." Auden began.

"I'm sure of one thing," Lacey interrupted hastily. "Your family won't like me."

"Of course they'll like you," Auden said. He smiled down at her. "I like you myself."

"So do I," said Winch. It didn't leave Lacey much to say.

"I'll find Angela," Auden said. "The pool is out that door and down the path. Banks will show you your room."

She followed Banks up the stairs, feeling curiously alone. The house seemed crowded with beautiful objects and empty of human presence. Lacey caught herself tiptoeing. It was silly to be so nervous about meeting the Cavenders.

It was all right when she went out. The sun was bright on the coral tiles of the pool, and every one was laughing. Lacey was the last to arrive, and she was glad, because her bathing suit was definitely good. It was white, and there was a sea gull on the bosom and a sea gull on the pants. Angela Bedare was sitting on the edge of the pool, trailing her toes in the water. You didn't often see a girl as beautiful as that: dark, with still clear features and long fine legs. She rose in one smooth motion. Angela and Winch got on well from the beginning, and Lacey was glad of that too, because it left her free to be with Auden. Auden ducked her. But she laughed very merrily and clung to him, and very carefully did not think about Paragon Park.

Afterward they sat on the terrace commanding the pool, and a servant brought them drinks, and they watched the dusk come down. The pool was lighted from within, making it a pale jade medallion set in coral; and there were lights under the tiles at their feet like a heaven upside down.

"It's beautiful," Lacey said.

"Judith's going to do it over in cerulean blue," Auden said. "She says it looks like costume jewelry." Judith was Auden's mother. "Judith is a perfectionist."

They fell silent. Auden's words increased Lacey's uneasiness. It grew darker, and the light came up against their faces with the softness of candle shine. It was a trick of the light perhaps, or the magic of falling day, that made Lacey see the others with a detachment, a perspective, commonly denied. Seen like that, Auden seemed a lesser man than Winch. It was not so, actually. Auden was tall and well muscled; he did well the right things to do: polo and badminton and sailing. He was handsomer than Winch, too. It was the light that pinched the brow and foreshortened the chin, giving laxity to the mouth. Winch and Angela were talking. Lacey found herself listening.

"And what happened to Johnny?" Winch was saying.

"He went to the bad," said Angela. "Drink. Pity, wasn't it?"

"It was bound to happen," Winch said. "What about Dot?"

"She married again. She's getting her second divorce."

"Who are these people?" Lacey interrupted.

"Seems Angela knows a couple of folks from my home town."

"Oh," said Lacey. So he called her Angela already. That was fine. It was what Lacey wanted.

"It's time to dress for dinner," Auden said.

LACEY wore white, with a tight little blue basque that buttoned straight up under her chin with a lot of silver buttons. She wanted to make an impression, and it was that sort of dress. When she went down the stairs, with her skirts whispering at her heels, and Auden came to meet her with that quick bright look in his eyes, she knew that everything was all right.

A blast of voices and laughter blew out in their faces. Inside the living room was crowded—thousands of people; twenty, anyway. They moved restlessly, glittering and gay. Lacey's fingers tightened.

"I didn't know it was a party."

"It isn't a party," Auden told her. "Just a few people that dropped in for the week-end."

"I thought the house was empty," Lacey said—and laughed a little. Then she saw Winch. Winch had not dressed. She recognized what was supposed to be a white mess jacket as half his linen suit, and his trousers as half his other suit. He was standing, unself-conscious, by a window, talking to Angela Bedare in a clever rosy dress that made her glow. Then the moment was upon her and Lacey was meeting Auden's parents.

Auden's mother was a blonde woman who had stayed too blonde. She was handsome. It was her misfortune that you must forever feel, looking at her, how much more handsome she had once been. Her gold dress was suave and knowledgeable. There was a fixed gaiety in her manner.

"My dear," she was saying, "how perfect to have you here. This is my husband."

"Perfect." Mr. Cavender repeated his wife's word and gave it meaning. And Lacey was looking up into dark eyes, authentically amused and warm and gay.

Lacey met all the others. Then she remembered suddenly that Mr. and Mrs. Cavender had both been married before. The first Mrs. Cavender had fallen out of a window. There were whispers. Of course they were not true.

"They're going in," said Auden.

Hesper Vale sat at Mr. Cavender's right, and Loft McGrew by Mrs. Cavender. Lacey could see Winch and Angela at the opposite end of the table. They were talking earnestly. She wondered what they found to say. She turned brightly back to Auden.

Dinner was long and formal. The food was exquisitely served, the wines well chosen and abundant. Afterward they all went into the drawing room. It was a magnificent room with dull gold hangings and a tremendous crystal chandelier and candles in gold sconces. There were brocaded chairs along the walls, and tables with liqueurs. Mr. Cavender pressed a button in a tall carved panel, and dinner music flowed through the room.

Auden danced superbly. Lacey was not, certainly, watching Winch and Angela Bedare. She was giving all her attention to Auden. Unconsciously she moved a little closer.

"We dance well," he said. "It proves we belong together."

"Of course it does," said Lacey. It was right after that when she discovered that Winch and Angela had disappeared.

MR. CAVENDER came for Lacey presently. He wanted to show her the lily pool, he said. Hesper Vale was with him, and Mrs. Cavender and Loft McGrew joined them at the door, and they all went out together. The pool was so cleverly contrived that at first Lacey thought it was real. Then she saw that two of the silver fishes did not move, and pale jets of water rose from their silver jaws. Among the pads the lilies bloomed: white and blue and pink and cream and yellow. They had a strange unearthly beauty.

"They look real," Lacey said.

"They are real," said Mr. Cavender. "They're lighted with electricity. The wires run up inside the stems."

"I should think it would kill them," Lacey said.

"It does," said Mr. Cavender. "We replace them every Monday. It kills the fishes, too."

"It seems rather expensive," Lacey said, "just to see the lilies at night."

"Nothing is too much to pay," said Mr. Cavender, "if you really want a thing."

"I suppose that's true," said Lacey. She wondered if it were. Hesper Vale was bending over the pool and the light was bright on her burnished red head. Lacey felt Mrs. Cavender go stiff beside her.

"Let's go in," she said. "It's chilly. Lacey, I want to show you my dressing room. I'm redecorating it."

Mr. Cavender drew Lacey aside as they walked back. "How would you like this house for a wedding present?" he said abruptly.

Triumph flared in Lacey like a flame. Mr. Cavender liked her. He was taking it for granted that she would marry Auden. "But it's your house," she said breathlessly. "And Mrs. Cavender's."

"She can build another," Mr. Cavender said. "It will take her mind off other things."

GIDDY pictures whirled through Lacey's mind. Herself, against that gorgeous background, never having to calculate again; her mother, surrounded by the glitter she craved; great splendid parties. . . . Would Winch come for a week-end—Winch and Angela Bedare?

"Think it over," Mr. Cavender said. He patted her shoulder. Lacey followed Mrs. Cavender upstairs.

Mrs. Cavender's dressing room was in the Chinese manner: white and jade, with gold lacquer and a gold ceiling, the walls paneled with aged pictures painted on silk.

"And what makes you think that Auden can make you happy?" Mrs. Cavender said suddenly. Lacey was astonished at her phrasing. She hesitated for an answer. Mrs. Cavender did not wait. "Come and see Mr. Cavender's room," she said. "I'm doing it over for his birthday."

Lacey followed her through the vast bedroom into a dressing room that corresponded to the one they had just left: a Chinese-red floor and dull gold walls, blackwood and teak, and chairs upholstered in priceless mandarin gowns, and long red curtains at the windows.

"Do you think he will like it?" Mrs. Cavender said. There was a note almost wistful in her voice. "He likes red." She went over to a window. And suddenly she was clutching the red curtains, and her weight was a drag on the shimmering lengths of silk, and her knuckles were white under the jewels.

Lacey moved swiftly toward her. And over her shoulder she saw what Mrs. Cavender had seen.

The window commanded the rock garden and the pool in the glade below. Beside the pool, picked out in the light of the lovely dying lilies, two figures stood. One was Mr. Cavender. The other was Hesper Vale. They were close together, dark head and red. And as Lacey looked, the dark head bent slowly down and put out the red of fire.

Mrs. Cavender swept the curtains together. She jerked so hard at a

SAVES SUNKEN SUB

BUT FLUNKS FINGERNAIL TEST!

SO I'M A HERO! But all I could think of was getting that diving helmet off so I could scratch my head. My fingernails showed me a scalpful of loose, scaly dandruff. And me with a heavy date ashore!

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR loans me Wildroot-with-Oil. And is it refreshing! The old Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without greasing!

MY GIRL WENT DIVING WITH ME . . . into the sea of matrimony! And I owe at least a vote of thanks to Wildroot-*with-Oil*. Safe, powerful 3-Action cleans as it grooms. Keeps hair neatly dressed and removes loose dandruff like nobody's business. Try it!

INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN

GIANT SIZE . . . FULL PINT

(60% larger than regular $1 size.)

$1.35 89¢

for a limited time only

Get this bargain today! If dealer's stock is exhausted send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Other sizes low as ..... 10¢

Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere!

petit-point bellpull against the wall that the pull came loose in her hand. She turned as Banks entered, the bright strand trailing from her fingers. "Draw the rest of the curtains," she said. "And throw this thing away. It doesn't belong here." She sank into a chair, leaning her head against the antique embroidery. She did not speak again. She did not even seem to notice when Banks beckoned Lacey outside.

"She has these spells, miss," Banks said.

Lacey could not find Auden when she went downstairs. She stepped out on the terrace. Instinctively she turned away from the direction of the pool.

Lacey did not find Auden. She did not find Winch and Angela Bedare. She did not find any one. She walked the length of the terrace and across a stretch of lawn. She went down a long yew path, and saw some one standing at the end, and it was a statue. Lacey walked a long time in the garden. She came out at a cluster of low buildings, and heard a horse whicker, and knew she was at the stables, and turned back again. Suddenly Lacey was—not frightened, exactly; only very lonely. The place was enormous. It swallowed people up and you lost them. Presently you lost yourself.

Lacey was relieved when she saw the lights of the lily pool. Two figures were standing close together by its rim. Lacey drew back sharply; she did not want to burst in on Mr. Cavender and Hesper Vale. Then she saw that both the heads were dark. And even as she tried to escape her knowledge, the high dark head that was Auden's bent Angela's head backward under his lips.

Lacey never knew whether she cried out, but the two figures drew swiftly apart. Angela gathered her rosy skirts about her. Lacey never remembered seeing her again. Auden came forward.

"Why, Lacey!" he said. "I thought you were with Judith."

"You were kissing Angela," said Lacey in a queer tight voice.

"So I was," said Auden. He laughed a little, shrugging. Lacey did not want him to deny it. Only . . . he wasn't even embarrassed. "You said you loved me!" she cried absurdly.

"Of course I love you," Auden said easily. "I love all lovely things. You are very lovely, Lacey. Come out here in the light where I can see you."

He took her by the wrist and drew her forward. Lacey felt her own weight held back at the full stretch of her arm. She felt bewildered and humiliated. "You were kissing Angela," she repeated.

"My cunning little Victorian," said Auden. "What of it?" He drew her closer, and she saw his eyes were amused and warm and gay. Then he was kissing her too. She tried to push him away. As if her resistance roused in him something she had never roused before, he caught her more fiercely to him. He crushed her backward in his arms.

He crushed his mouth down on hers. She could smell Angela's perfume. Lacey was dizzy. She was frightened. The earth tilted under her feet. Then she was falling.

Lacey fell very slowly. She fell through great glittering rooms and endless gardens, and there were pictures on the walls and statues among the flowers. She saw Mrs. Cavender—who had everything except her husband. She saw Mr. Cavender—for whom nothing was too much to pay for a thing you really wanted. Behind his father she saw Auden. She struck out at the picture of Auden, and her fists were beating on Auden's chest.

"Stop it!" Auden cried. He shook her—shook her hard. "What's got into you? What if I did kiss Angela? You kiss Winch Shandon, don't you?"

"No," cried Lacey wildly. "Yes. *That's different.*" And the difference put strength into her and she wrenched herself free.

Lacey was running. She ran without sense or reason, tripping on her skirts. She sobbed as she ran: "Winch! Winch! Winch!"

Suddenly Winch was there. Lacey didn't know where he came from, and it didn't matter, because he was there. He smelled of soap and tobacco and freshly ironed linen. The

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old coat was comforting against Lacey's nose.

"Winch," she cried, "I've got to get away! Tonight. Right now. This minute."

"All right," Winch said.

THE truck driver put them down at the corner of Breed Street, and they both shook hands. "Good-by, Miss. Better make it Mrs."

Lacey couldn't be cross, because he'd been so good to them. He hadn't even kidded them much.

"Bride?" he had asked.

"Not yet," said Winch.

"Running away?"

"That's right."

In Breed Street dusk was falling, and Lacey was glad, because it made her white dress less conspicuous. Only it wasn't so white now. She had agreed at once when Winch said it would be better for her to stop at his house and get herself fixed up before she went back to her mother's.

"We made good time," Winch said. It had taken them two hours to drive down to the Cavender house, and eighteen hours to get back.

"Fine time," said Lacey.

Winch hadn't asked any questions. Lacey knew he never would ask. Maybe she'd tell him sometime. She didn't want to think of it now. She walked a little closer to Winch's side.

Winch had seemed to know from the beginning where they were running to, and that was fine, because Lacey had lost all sense of direction. They ran through a gate in the back wall and then they were in the road.

They walked a long time after they reached the road. You would have thought from Winch's manner that it was the most natural thing in the world for them to be walking down an unknown road in the middle of the night to an unknown destination, with seventy-five cents in Winch's pocket and a compact in Lacey's silver bag. The gravel cut Lacey's silver slippers. When she couldn't walk any more, they sat on a rock and waited.

When the truck came, Winch stood up, in the lights. "How about a lift?" he called out.

"Against the rules," the truck driver told him.

"That's too bad for the rules, isn't it?" Winch said.

"It's a fool rule, anyhow."

There was a terrific rattling after the truck started, and Lacey thought maybe it was her bones. But after a while Bill—that was the truck driver's name—folded up a blanket, and then it wasn't so bad. Lacey leaned her head on Winch's shoulder, and that wasn't so bad either.

The truck wasn't going home to Carver City. It was going two hundred miles south to Grandison. They decided, however, that it would be better to go somewhere than nowhere. Later, Bill suggested that if they wanted to drop off at the Grandison railroad station while he

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checked in and reloaded, he could take them along home. Winch mentioned the seventy-five cents right away, so there wouldn't be any misunderstanding.

"Shucks," Bill said. "I couldn't charge you for going no place you didn't want to go noways, could I?"

When Lacey woke it was morning. Bill broke out the remains of yesterday's lunch for breakfast, and Winch bought coffee and cigarettes.

After they left Grandison it was hot, and Winch spent his other forty-five cents on three magnificent beers. Bill told them about his girl. Her name was Susie. Say, she was cute. And smart! She worked in a beauty parlor and got more tips than anybody. Now he had a regular job, they could be married in the spring. Susie was going to keep on working and they'd save up for a baby. "I'd like to meet Susie," Lacey said.

"I'm hungry," Lacey said. She clung to Winch's arm, walking down Breed Street.

"Is that all?" said Winch. "I'm a famine victim. Here we are!"

The house was like all the other houses on Breed Street, and it was different. It was white with blue shutters, and there were blue chairs on the porch, and delphinium and phlox and larkspur against the walls.

"Mercy!" said Lacey. "What will your mother think of me?"

"She'll think you need a bath," said Winch.

So they went in laughing.

Mrs. Shandon came to meet them. She was a wisp of a woman, with a calm face full of wrinkles as if she had laughed a lot, and the whitest hair in the world. She had on a pink dress that matched her cheeks, with fine white lace at the bosom. Winch kissed her before he introduced Lacey. "Mother," he said, "we walked out on the party."

"So?" said mother. She did not ask anything more.

Winch held her off at arm's length. "Why the dress?" he said. He looked over at a small table drawn up by the side of a chair. There was a box of candy on the table. "Father lose his job?"

"Yes," said mother—and quite surprisingly laughed. "We always celebrate," she said to Lacey, "when father loses a job."

Father came in then. Lacey saw at once that he was not well: there was a terrible fragility about him, a quality of porcelain and flame, and yet his head was high and his back was straight and you could put no name to weakness. He had hilarious blue eyes. Knots came at the corners of his eyes, and then at the corners of his nose, though laughter had not yet reached his mouth.

"Winch looks exactly like you," Lacey said.

"He can't help it," father explained. "These looks run in the family. You mustn't blame us."

"While you stand there prattling about our good looks," said Winch, "Lacey and I are quietly starving."

"I'll put some more potatoes in the hash," said mother capably, "while you run up and get a bath."

Lacey looked at Winch, and they burst into uproarious laughter.

For dinner they had orange juice served with sprigs of mint in nail-head glasses, and vegetable hash with poached eggs and bacon curls and cucumber flowers on a vast silver platter. Lacey had never tasted anything so good. They had coffee in the living room, from cups so frail that Lacey was afraid to breathe on one.

Lacey had time then to look about the room. The walls were plasterboard and the fireplace tiles were imitation. But the chairs were deep and comfortable; there was a highboy that must have been worth a fortune and an ancient mahogany table that reflected the fire like a dark mirror.

"It's a lovely room," said Lacey.

"It looks homelike, doesn't it?" said mother. She set aside her coffee cup and picked up her sewing.

"It's petit point," father said proudly. "She gets the craziest prices for it. Show it to Lacey, mother."

Mother unrolled it. "It's a bell-pull," she said.

"Oh," said Lacey.

"You can't sew long," father said. "We'll have to be starting. We're going to the movies," he explained, "to celebrate losing my job."

"Did you get a letter this time?" Winch said.

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"Did I!" said father. "It's a honey. It mentions my sterling character, my impeccable manners, and my high intellectual attainments. It commends me in glowing terms to all whom it may concern."

"Father gets the loveliest letters when they fire him," said mother.

"I've got another position in view," said father. "At the Belden plant. Looking after their best interests at night."

"Watchman?" said Winch.

"I knew there was a word for it," said father. "I asked about their industrial chemistry department. There isn't anything now, but there's an opening in the shipping room."

"Sounds so nautical, doesn't it?" said Winch. "I'll be there in the morning."

"I'm going to work, too," said Lacey. She was surprised, because she had not known it herself before. "There's a friend of father's who wants a reception clerk. I thought it would be nice to save some money."

"It's always nice," mother agreed, "to have something on hand for extras. Get your hat, father."

AFTER they had gone, Lacey and Winch washed the dishes.

"You knew Angela before," Lacey said—which didn't, of course, have a thing to do with it.

"We were brought up together on Beacon Hill in Boston."

"Then you *are* one of the Boston Shandons."

"Was. Now I'm a Shandon of hither-and-yon. It's much more exciting."

"You planned it all," said Lacey. She wasn't sure what she meant.

"Not all," said Winch. "I ran into Angela, so I asked her to ask Auden to ask you to ask me. I just wanted to be round in case anything happened."

Lacey set a cup carefully in a saucer. "They have a lot of courage, haven't they?" she said.

"They lost everything else in the crash," said Winch, "except their pride—and their love." He made a splash with the soap shaker.

Lacey polished the silver platter. "Where is this parsonage you mentioned?" she said.

"Round the corner," said Winch. "We could go over if we had a license."

"That reminds me," said Winch. "Father said he'd stop by the drugstore and telephone. He's got a lot of friends at City Hall. Mother left her wedding ring," he added. "She hasn't had it off for thirty years."

Winch wiped out the dishpan. He dried his hands. He took Lacey by the shoulders and turned her round to face him. "Lacey," he said, "don't do this unless you're sure. You wanted to marry for security."

"Silly," said Lacey, "what do you think I'm marrying you for?"

"For love," Winch said.

"I've just found out," said Lacey. "It's the same thing."

THE END

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JERRY: Maybe *I'm* not getting enough of them. Who knows? One thing sure, when I was eating yeast I felt wonderful. But I never learned to like the taste.

AGNES: Well, you'll like it now. In tomato juice, Fleischmann's Yeast tastes like oven-fresh bread. Lay in a week's supply; it keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. Twice a day, and don't stop, is my way. Once you start, it's easy to keep going. Give it a whirl Maybe you'll get a real break!

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Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ONE OF THE PRETTIEST THINGS ON LEGS

Continued from Page 13

But most of New York's successful actresses hail from small towns far from Manhattan's main stem.

But in Carol's case, the Brooklyn backdrop before which she was playing seems to have helped her rather than hurt her; for her family didn't have much money and the Greater City offered her opportunities to go on with her education while helping with the support of the family.

It doesn't seem possible with a face as pretty as hers, but it is in the records that Carol was definitely an unusually good student. She was graduated from Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School at fifteen, *and*, although she held down a job by day and took her high-school courses at night, she was graduated at the head of her class.

Carol's first job was in a neighborhood store in the Flatbush section where she lived. Her second was in a big department store in downtown Brooklyn. Both were of the girl-behind-the-counter variety.

So often was she told that the voice of which she thought so little was really good that even she finally realized that it might be the means of adding a trifle now and then to the weekly stipend. With this aim in view, she began haunting Tin-Pan Alley offices and audition rooms during lunch hours and in the evenings to learn new tunes and memorize their lyrics, and finally took a job in a five-and-ten-cent store selling and demonstrating phonograph records.

About this time—1936-37—the big Fox motion-picture theater in Brooklyn was reviving the Amateur Night idea. Hoping to earn one of the smaller cash prizes, Carol braved the hook and "knocked 'em dead." To her great disappointment, she won first prize, which wasn't cash at all but a wrist watch.

Still determined to get into the money, she entered a similar contest in the Bronx. Again she won first prize; again it was a wrist watch. But Carol was getting wise. She compromised for twenty-five dollars.

The Bruce had now taken two boroughs and was ready to move on to the third. But, in spite of the possession of her amateur "firsts," the big-time pros wouldn't give her so much as a tear. Torch singers, they opined, were going out; at sixteen Carol was already too old-fashioned! Fortunately, however, a radio talent scout to whom she applied for an audition saw, or heard, at once her possibilities for the air. With her deep-throated notes, she was a radio natural.

But she needed more singing experience, the expert said, and to get that she needed a manager. The talent scout recommended one. He has been her manager ever since.

At first, though, the going was almost unbearably hard. Singing lessons, costumes, beauty-shop visits absorbed all that she made, sometimes more. Finally her manager found an opening for Carol as a vocalist with a band at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, Canada. Hired on a two-weeks tryout basis, she stayed four months. Back in New York again, she was given another two-weeks tryout as emergency warbler with Larry Clinton's Orchestra at the Hotel New Yorker when their soloist developed appendicitis. She stayed ten weeks.

She gravitated between New York night clubs and engagements in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and points south until the summer of 1939. On her return to New York then, she found herself for the first time actually in demand for the so-called legitimate theater. She was cast in a supporting role in Nice Goin', a Laurence Schwab musical in which Mary Martin was starred. The show rehearsed five weeks, played two in Boston, then folded.

Meanwhile, plump, prosperous Mr. Buddy De Sylva was, for the first time in his spectacularly successful life, really up against it. He had an Irving Berlin song for his new show, Louisiana Purchase, which, so far as he knew, only one woman in the world could sing, and that woman, Ethel Merman, was already in a De Sylva show, Du Barry Was a Lady, which was still on Broadway grossing forty-odd thousand a week.

The part, in Louisiana Purchase, of the United States senator looking for trouble and finding it in the late Huey Long's kingdom was a natural for Victor Moore. The handsome, glib-tongued press agent was made to order for Billy Gaxton. Zorina's dancing added just the touch of class which the show needed. And Irene Bordoni's sirens were almost as famous as the Twentieth Century's. What Buddy needed was not another star with a star's salary but a girl to sing that fix-'em-up soul song.

He heard Carol. He invited Carol to a party, where Merman heard her, and Cole Porter and other people in whose judgment he had confidence. They all liked Carol's singing; and, as a result, the whole world has been liking it ever since.

And Buddy, smart boy, is getting away with a $150-a-week salary instead of perhaps $3,000 a week!

In spite of her spectacular success, Carol really hasn't made much money for herself. It was good business, of course, to accept a cut to $150 for a swell chance in a Broadway show as against the $250 she was earning from night-club work on the road. But out of the $150 she clears only about forty dollars a week for herself. The rest goes to her manager and for other necessary professional expenses like press agents, dressers, vocal teachers, etc. So, when offers began pouring in for night-club, phonograph, and radio work, Carol and her manager made up their minds to take them.

Mr. De Sylva didn't like it—that is, he specifically didn't like the radio work. Finally, after Equity had ruled that De Sylva was within his rights, a compromise was made whereby the girl could complete her contract with Ben Bernie if she would turn over half of her salary to the Actors' Fund of America. Every week, therefore, Carol turns over $212.50 to the fund and splits the other half with her management.

The night-club salary of $500 a week, or at least her share of it after the manager was paid off, was strictly gravy while it lasted; but all such engagements are fleeting in variety-loving New York. And the movie salary presumably will not materialize so long as Carol is held in New York by the phenomenal Broadway success for which she is herself in such large measure responsible.

But Carol is not discouraged. She still intends to become an actress with a big A. She is one girl of whom it may truly be said that "the Lord done fixed up her soul"!

THE END

WHAT A YOUNG WIFE'S LOVE MEANS TO AN OLD MAN—Continued from Page 19

appears to divine what the other is thinking before he has expressed it, one who anticipates his wish, whose mood partakes of his? Can she explain it even to him, or he to her? Its quality is indefinable; others could understand it only by achieving the impossible, that is, by sharing it and living as a member of the union. We could know what a ray of sunlight really is, too, if we were able to become a part of it.

Twenty years ago, when we were married, some people might have considered the difference in our ages an insurmountable barrier to happiness. If it was a barrier, it was one of which we were not conscious; nor have we ever been conscious of it since. I think that a difference in the ages of man and wife places an obstacle in the way of love only between people who could never have understood each other and consequently could never have loved each other even if they had been born in the same year—yes, even if they had been rocked in the same cradle.

But you can hardly expect other people to understand this of our marriage. Since they have not shared the life we have lived together, they can see it only through foreign eyes. They see the one thing, the striking but superficial fact: a difference of forty years between husband and

wife. Surely, they think, that must make for every imaginable difference in tastes and interests; and when these are not the same, how can the marriage be a happy one?

But if there is true love between two people, there grows out of it naturally an identity of interests. They may be of totally different backgrounds, their lives and friends and interests before marriage may have been in totally different circles; and, yes, there may be as much as forty years between them in age—and all of this means nothing. For they meet on common ground in their love. The greatest pleasure in life is to give pleasure to a loved one, and so it follows that very soon, as their life together continues, their pleasures and interests are the same.

PERHAPS you have noticed how two old people who have lived together as man and wife all their lives come, near the end, even to resemble each other physically; their faces seem to be marked in the same lines, they seem to bear the same expression, there is a startling resemblance in the very look in their eyes; they are "like two peas in a pod." This might be more of a fancied impression on the part of the observer than it is a physical fact; it might be something you feel rather than you see—you sense how deeply and completely these two old people live in each other. But I think this illustrates what I mean by saying that an equally shared love erases all differences. It thinks nothing of the age of one and the age of the other. It makes the two alike.

But perhaps at this point it might be said: What you say sounds all very well, but how can any one be certain the happiness he feels is also felt by the person who gives it to him? And you, after all, are the older.

Well, it comes to the same answer, in different words: the happiness of one and the happiness of the other—older and younger, it doesn't matter—are indivisible. The one's happiness could not be felt without the other's, for it is only in her happiness that he can find his, and only in his that she can find hers. To describe it in the simplest way—if she smiles, he will smile too, because the sight alone of her pleasure is all that is needed to please him.

"The more I take from you, the richer I shall become and the more I shall be able to give you in return. So, between us, the one gives only to receive, and never can either one give all and receive nothing." That is how we think of our life together.

As for the future, however long it may be, a year or five years or ten, it makes no difference and therefore I do not fear it, as I might have feared the future and ultimate death long ago. For I have this faith and belief: that the cloudless days we have shared together will live on, invisible but eternal, when we—or I—no longer are.

THE END

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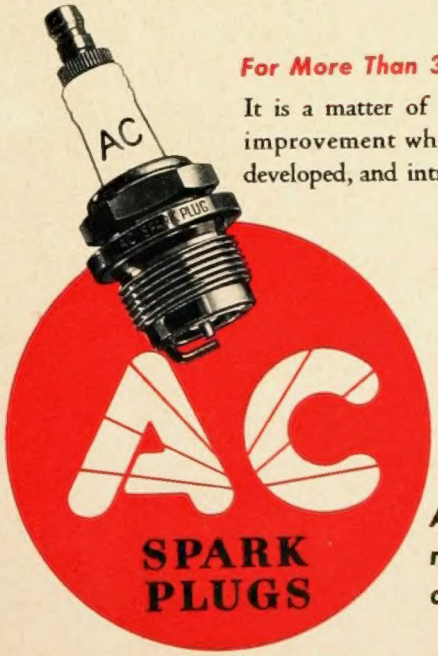

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When December Weds With May

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FULTON OURSLER

ON ANOTHER page of this issue of Liberty you will find an extraordinary article by Maurice Maeterlinck. It is called What a Young Wife's Love Means to an Old Man. Reading it you will find that an old French saying again proves itself true: "In every heart there is always a corner that remains one and twenty."

ONE IS LIKELY TO THINK of love as the exclusive prerogative of youth; was it not George Bernard Shaw who thought that youth was such a precious thing, it was a shame to waste it on young people? Youth, as Shaw knew and as Maeterlinck shows, is not altogether a matter of arteries and blood pressure. Youth holds its citadel in the spirit of man. In some young faces one sees the irretrievable lines of age; again, one may look into old faces that shine with the deathless joy of life. The fountain of youth rises not from the blood stream of man but from the depths of his heart.

But what does Madame Maeterlinck think of all this? Comparatively she is a young woman. Next week she writes her side of the story for the readers of Liberty, telling what an old man's love means to a young wife.

THESE ARE NOT IDLE PIECES for the silly season. They are not offered to you as mere distractions from the grim realities of war. They are matters of importance to all human beings. As time goes on we all look anxiously at the mirror. We all dread the going away of youth. Will it mean also the going away of love? Here a fine poet and his beautiful wife have the courage to speak frankly of these intimate matters. They do so because what they have to say is a helpful message to every human being and it is in that spirit that we offer it to you.

WINSTON CHURCHILL RETURNS next week with another reprint—this time a discussion of Tank Tactics; in view of what is likely to come across the Atlantic, a very timely discussion indeed. Other recommended features from a really top-notch issue next week include The House on Harmony Street, an exciting new novel by Katharine Roberts; short stories, including It's a Tough Life, by Frank R. Adams; and Pomp and Circumstance, by Hiram W. Warder; and some highly significant articles, including Last Call to the Republican Party, by Robert Moses; Suggestion for Defense, by Morris Markey; Cary Grant—The Hottest Thing on Celluloid, by Frederick Lewis; If You Are Writing a Play, by George Jean Nathan; and The Game Was Good to Me, by Henry Armstrong. These, with full installments of all the serials, make up a highly interesting issue—don't you think so?

SALMAGUNDI: At luncheon the other day, a well known Chinese diplomat and scholar made a highly significant statement. "I think," he said, "that the war in Asia may last much longer than the war in Europe—even though I see no hope for any early peace in Europe. No matter what happens, my country will never surrender." . . . Which reminds me that I took my daughter recently to see a performance of Madam Butterfly at the Metropolitan Grand Opera. As I watched the sad story of Cio-Cio-San, a queer thought occurred to me. Here I was watching the false marriage of an American naval officer to a trusting and devoted fifteen-year-old Japanese girl. She trusted Lieutenant Pinkerton, even after he left her, with fanatical loyalty. If ever there was a despicable creature in song or story, it is Lieutenant Pinkerton. Uncounted audiences have wept over his scoundrelly treatment of poor Butterfly. The fact that our relations with Japan are none too agreeable at the moment in no way interfered with the sympathy of the audience for Cio-Cio-San and its unreserved condemnation of an American naval officer. More, there were American naval officers in the audience! The question that occurred to me was: What would happen in Japan if a Japanese officer were shown in such a despicable light, destroying the happiness of an American girl? Wouldn't there be a pretty howl-to-do in Tokyo? How quickly the play would be closed! Here is one of the essential differences between democracy and tyranny. Bigness of soul belongs only to democracy—a greatness that, should it ever come in armed conflict with tyranny, would knock hell, for instance, out of the Japanese navy! . . . Morris Markey's article, Our Air Lines and the Politicians, was reprinted in the Congressional Record, introduced by Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts. . . . Two inmates of the Arizona State Prison have produced a collection of poems. The volume is called Two in Turmoil, and the authors are Dwight Eldridge Warthen and Landon Carter Haynes. Thirty copies only were run off by the Owlhoot Press, which is situated on the left bank of the Gila River in Pinal County, Arizona. Naturally, one wonders how two men capable of practicing the difficult art and science of versification, men who write of time and space, and troubled souls, and the death house, of piano recitals, of a varied panorama of American life—how did it happen these men were put behind bars. There must be great heartache in that mystery. Anyway, congratulations to the authors. You have not written great poetry, but your craftsmanship is superior to ninety-eight per cent of the poetry submitted to us by poets who have so far escaped incarceration. You have written imaginatively, with emotion and with some beauty. You both must be young, or you couldn't write the way you do. I hope you keep on, because I think you have something to say. . . . Speaking of poetry, our recent remark that we were getting more poetry contributions, but the quality was not improving, brought us a flood of letters and tons of poems. But out of all of it there was nothing to write Homer about.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

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COVER BY JOHN MURPHY

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THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

TODAY, THERE AWAITS you a whiskey so magnificent that we had to give it a special designation: *The 1941 Bottling of Four Roses.*

From the time the whiskies that go into this Four Roses were laid down, five years ago and longer, we've been pretty certain they would be exceptionally fine. For into their making had gone extraordinary care . . . and to their aging we applied added knowledge, added skill.

But when we finally opened the barrels, even we were astonished at the surpassing excellence of these whiskies. Right then and there, we knew we had achieved a Four Roses more glorious, more satin-smooth, more flavorful, than any whiskey we had ever made or known, in all our 76 years' experience.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there is a new and thrilling experience in store for you when you taste the 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—*today?*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

ELLEN DREW
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently starring in Paramount's "Reaching for the Sun."

1st CHESTERFIELD

for Milder, Better Taste and Cooler Smoking

FIRST is the word for everything about Chesterfields . . . from the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to the most modern manufacturing methods. You will find in Chesterfield everything you want in a cigarette.

More and more . . . Chesterfield is called the smoker's cigarette.

They Satisfy
MILLIONS

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